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THE BELL RINGER

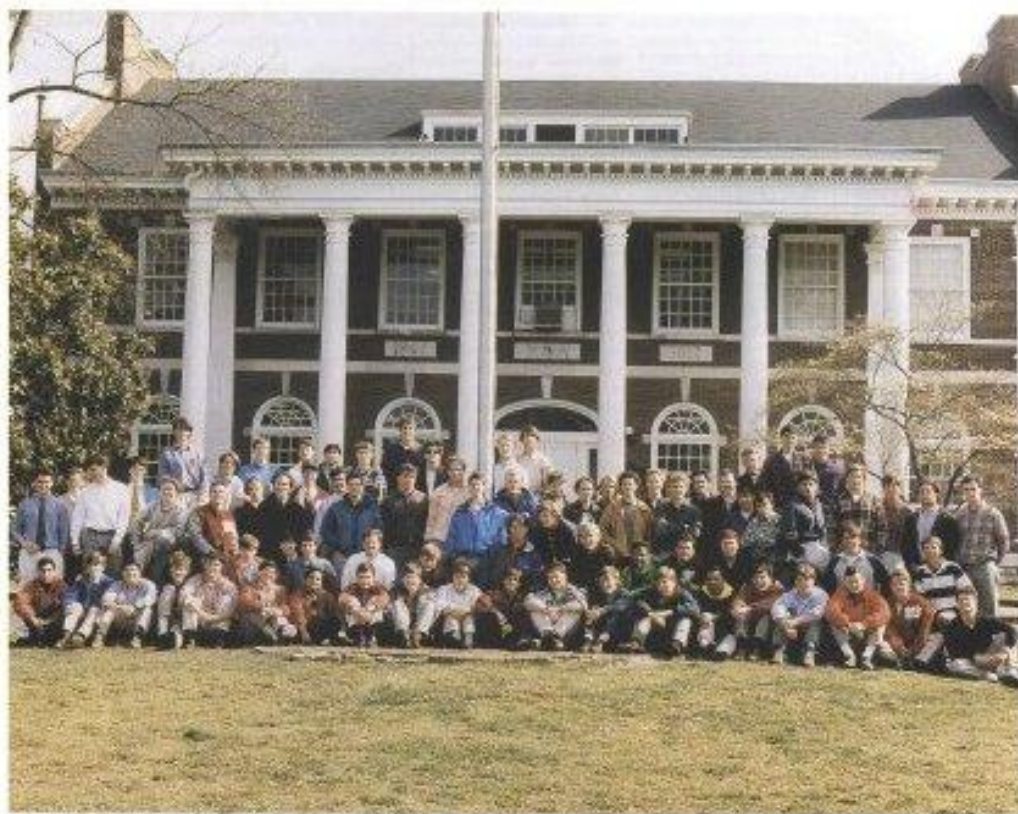


VOLUME 48 NUMBER 6

MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY

MAY 27, 1992

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The Class of 1992

FEATURES

On Commencement: Thanking Those Who Make a Difference

Robby Bueno, Class of '86

Congratulations to the class of 1992. Commencement is a time of celebration. While it signifies an end of sorts and forces us to say goodbye - to familiar people, places, or frame of mind - it is also signifies, as Mr. Gaither used to remind his Latin students, a beginning and makes us consider what lies ahead - new school, new people, new experiences, new dreams.

Whether we move from junior school to high school, from high school to college, or from college to the "real world," we anticipate the changes in our lives with both fear and excitement.

As we celebrate the accomplishments of the graduating seniors, both as individuals and as a class, we are reminded of what a joyous and happy time commencement is.

For the members of my class, the class of 1986, however, it is also a time of sadness - a time to remember the tragic deaths of our classmate and friend, Steve Gilleland, and his younger brother in an automobile accident the day after our graduation.

I am sure that many of us remember vividly those events surrounding Steve's death. Having just experienced the joy of graduating on Saturday morning, we were suddenly met with the shock of hearing the news the next morning.

In the span of a few days, we moved, as a class,

from seeing Steve's parents to the memorial service in Wallace Hall to the funeral. For many hours, we talked among ourselves trying to explain what could not be explained. Few of us were prepared to deal with such an event.

We coped as well as we could - some of us finding answers, some of us not. And as each of us moved on to college in the next few months and into a new stage in our lives, we all thought of our

Commencement offers the opportunity to recognize and give thanks for those relationships that give meaning to our lives - with family and friends, with teachers and coaches.

friend who would not be making the journey with us.

During that summer, I saw the movie "Stand By Me," and one line was particularly memorable. The narrator, commenting on how childhood friendships have dissolved over time, says, "People pass in and out of your life like busboys."

While the passage of time and nature of human relationships do reduce many to being merely "busboys," in our lives, it is also true that one person - who may be in our lives for only a short period of time - can make a dif-

ference.

Whether they end up at a different school, move to a different city, or pass away, these people can have a significant effect on us for the rest of our lives and continue to influence us even though we may no longer see or hear from them on a daily basis. Such is the case with Steve and many of his friends, including me.

Like many of my classmates, I continue to think often of Steve - especially at this time of the year - and of what his life meant to his classmates and to each student who was at MBA during that year. Although his life may have meant different things to different people, I hope that Steve's tragic death served as a reminder to all of us of how our relationships with each other are to be celebrated and cherished.

Because occasions such as commencement force us to consider where we have been and where we hope to go, they offer the opportunity to recognize and give thanks for those relationships that give meaning to our lives - with family and friends, with teachers and coaches.

As the seniors leave MBA and begin college, whether it is down the street or across the country, I hope that each takes a moment to give thanks for those people who have made a difference in his life.

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1992-1993

The Bell Ringer

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EDITOR'S PAGE

"Dicere licebit quod non edideris; nescit vox missa reverti"

(You may erase what you have not yet published, but words spoken cannot be recalled - Horace)

Alex Rogers, Editor-in-Chief, 1991-1992

The Bell Ringer has striven to serve the school as a vehicle of student expression. This year has seen the introduction to the paper of a color title, a letters-to-the-editor page, and articles that produced controversy.

I have always felt that the function of a school's paper should not merely be to report on what the students have done but to raise issues salient to campus life.

Though there have been ups and downs with the paper, I am very proud of the issues that have been raised and discussed this year.

For that reason, I wish to provide a brief recap of some of the more memorable aspects of the 1991-1992 *Bell Ringer*.

The first issue saw the advent of color in the student newspaper for the first time in M.B.A.'s history. The idea behind introducing the color was that a more vibrant first

page might entice students who might not otherwise look at the paper to pick it up. For the first time since I have been associated with the paper, and I have been a staff member for four years, virtually all of the newspapers were picked up within a short time.

Additionally, the first issue saw the birth of "From the Annals of W-5" which reproduces some of the aphorisms presented in Mr. Anderson Gaither's class taught from (of course) Wallace room 5.

The second issue introduced the concept of a features page which periodically brought presentations of import to the student body. In that second issue the Honor Council president's speech to the student body was reproduced.

The *Letters to the Editor* section started in issue two as well. In the *Opinions* Section, several articles dealing with prejudice and generalizations

were printed. The article on generalizations generated a storm of controversy as well as a rebuttal in issue three.

The third issue dealt with "The Legacy of the M.B.A. Gentlemen" in its *Features* Section. With articles from heads of student organizations as well as the important contributions of two teachers, Mrs. Anne Christenson and Mr. Ken Downey, the articles were published coincidentally with another first in *Bell Ringer* history - a survey conducted in accordance with legitimate statistical techniques. Graphs of the results of some of the questions on the survey were printed. Additionally, the issue featured artwork by senior Will Rice.

The fourth issue had several responses to articles printed in the third issue. Dr. Wayne Batten wrote a piece following up on the topic of the M.B.A. Gentleman while Mr. Steve Rundberg and

Breen Frazier responded with letters to the editor in response to a previous letter by Matt Foster about the chorus in the third issue.

The fifth issue honored Dr. Drake for his twenty-three faithful years to the school and wished him well as headmaster of Westfield Academy in Perry, Georgia. In the *Entertainment* Section, Robert Howell reviewed M.B.A.'s foray into the dramatic arts with the play *What I Did Last Summer*.

No editor could have asked for a better staff than I had this year. Thanks guys!

I would like to especially thank the copy editor, John Wesley, who put in many hours with me laying out and organizing each paper, and Dr. Christian Niemeyer our faculty advisor.

Finally, I would like to thank Dr. Douglas Paschall. Without his support, the quality of the newspaper would have been substantially lower.

In the first place, Dr. Paschall approved M.B.A.'s purchase of a new, faster computer for the newspaper which cut layout time in half.

Most significantly, though, Dr. Paschall gave me permission to publish articles of my choice, even those critical of the school. Dr. Paschall, thank you for your faith in my judgement; I hope future editors recognize you for the great friend to the paper that you are!

Well, Will, you're Editor-in-Chief now and in for a difficult but unbelievably rewarding year. I wish you the best of luck.

**From the
Annals
of W-5:
Against the
wordmaster,
wage no wordy
war, for speech
is given to many
but wisdom to
only a few.**

To the readers: This paper could not be printed without the determined efforts of the Business staff. **Roe Elam**, in his capacity as business editor, has been crucial to the publication of *The Bell Ringer*. Thanks for everything, Roe!

Alex Rogers



Skipworth Salutes The 1991-1992 *Bell Ringer* editors
(not pictured: John Wallace)

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ENTERTAINMENT

A Word to the Wise about Summer Movies

Breen Frazier

After the summer of 1989, which seemed to produce blockbuster after blockbuster like *Batman*, *Lethal Weapon 2*, and *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids*, Hollywood success has been very unpredictable. Many of the expected hits of 1990, like *Days of Thunder*, crashed only to have *Ghost* rake in the big bucks.

So in the summer of 1991, Hollywood thought that movie audiences wanted really mushy stuff and promptly put out *Dying Young* only to have *Terminator 2* rake in the bucks with its spectacular explosions and special effects.

In between have been those surprises like *Pretty Woman*, *Silence of the Lambs*, and the biggest shocker, *Home Alone*. As the summer of 1992 draws near, movie studios are paranoid about what to put out, so they are returning to the stuff they know works: sequels.

This year, sequels to all of the \$100 million moneymakers from 1989 have returned, with the exception of *Ghostbusters* and *Dead Poets Society*. There's also *Patriot*

Games which is technically a sequel to *The Hunt for Red October* and *Alien 3*. Most of these films will probably do very well, but at some point they will start cancelling each other out.

Additionally, there's a good chance that some of these just won't be any good at all. So, in the interest of prognostication, here are my picks for the biggest moneymakers of this summer.

1. *Batman Returns*. No real surprise here. The film has lots of stars (Danny DeVito, Michelle Pfeiffer...oh yeah, and Michael Keaton) and the original director (Tim Burton) to insure that his vision of Gotham City is not lost. It has a built-in audience who liked the first one. It also has lots of neat toys, like a new Batmobile, a Bat-hang glider, and a Batboat, as well as lots of explosions.

I think the movie will do a lot better now that Burton has cut out entirely the part of an Afro-American Robin who would have surfaced at the end of the film.

The whole character, as Burton himself feels, takes away some of the mystique

about Batman. Some of the plot twists are still kind of hokey, though (like Michelle Pfeiffer being resurrected by cats so she becomes Catwoman). It won't make as much as the first, but will probably end the season with \$150 million.

2. *Lethal Weapon 3*. Also no surprise. This one is thought by insiders to be the big hit of the season. It also has all of its stars back (Danny Glover, Mel Gibson, and Joe Pesci) and the original director (Richard Donner). The movie will be opened on May 15 so it has a three week head start on *Batman*. It will probably do very well until *Patriot Games* and *Batman* open and then fade very rapidly.

This time Murtaugh (Glover) and Riggs (Gibson) are facing a gun-smuggling ex-cop one week before Murtaugh retires. Like its predecessors it has lots of gun-fights, chase scenes and explosions to keep the crowds happy. Probably no more than \$125 million when all is counted.

3. *Patriot Games*. Is there anyone who doesn't like Harrison Ford? His name alone

on any action movie will carry it over \$100 million. Considering this is a Tom Clancy thriller and *Red October* was such a success, then the first week opening alone will be \$35 million, at least. But the real draw here is Ford, who replaces Alec Baldwin on this and all other future Clancy movies. My guesstimate is \$120 million. It's going to be close between *Lethal Weapon* and this one.

4. *Far and Away*. The success of this one really depends on the tolerance of the audience. If they're ready for another *Dances with Wolves* then it's a hit. If not, it's crash and burn time. This movie uses a whole bunch of wide screen shots of beautiful scenery to its advantage. Filmed in 70 millimeter format, it's supposed to be wonderfully photographed.

The plot.....wellllll. Tom Cruise can't hurt the films chances but his Irish accent might. Remember Kevin Costner's attempt with a British accent in *Robin Hood*? Tops out at \$85 million if it's really good.

5. *Honey, I Blew Up the Kid*. Close call. It won't make near as much as the first one because people are sick of Rick Morainis doing all these awful things to his kids. The originality of the first one seems trite here. But enough people will see it to push it's

total to about \$70 million.

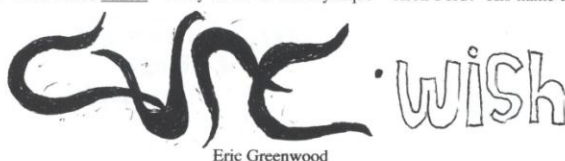
From this point on, it's going to be a maelstrom of high-concept movies all dying for your money. *Housesitter* with Steve Martin and Goldie Hawn has excellent word of mouth about a woman who invades a lonely man's life and won't leave. The problem is that this movie has almost exactly the same plot as last year's *What About Bob?*, which was directed by the same person, Frank Oz. That movie died after about \$35 million so the same can be expected here.

Eddie Murphy is back with *Boomerang* about a ladies man who falls for a woman who doesn't love him. Murphy's box office draw is always good but it's diminished significantly since *Harlem Nights* and *Another 48 Hours* flopped. Maybe if he realizes that people would see his movies if they were funny, then he'd be more popular. As it is, the advance word isn't too good. If there is to be a *Thelma and Louise* of this movie season, it will probably be *A League of Their Own* about the first woman's baseball league. It will draw a sizable and powerful female audience, although it doesn't have too many bankable stars (Madonna, Geena Davis, Tom Hanks). For those into some kinky quirkiness, David Lynch will be back with *Fire Walk with Me*, the Twin Peaks prequel that will explain the past to all its characters, Laura Palmer included.

My biggest prediction, though, is that *Alien 3* is going to die a quick and painless death.

It will last for three to four weeks at best and gross less than \$50 million, not good for a film that cost more than \$60 million. Some of the early reviews have been favorable, but overall it's been predominantly bad.

Of course if you're really bored you can go see Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dolph Lundgren in *Universal Soldier*, but only after you've seen *Batman* twelve times.



Eric Greenwood

Most of The Cure's career has been "bathed in lies" as one reviewer put it, but both critics and fans agree that "if it's hard to know what to believe, it's easy to know what to believe in". You can trust The Cure.

Personal involvement in The Cure's music is rewarded with a sense of belonging. Once you've been converted to Robert Smith's dream-synth world, there's no turning away.

After defining and redefining their world of music, The Cure has stumbled upon something worth checking out on their new album *Wish*. Although the new album doesn't exactly break new

ground for the band, it does, however put them light years ahead of the rest of the music world.

Rarely stepping out of his scope of personal disenchantment, Robert Smith finds himself, dare I say, "up-beat" on a few songs on *Wish*. After howling about the darkness of drinking himself sick ("Open"), the lack of communication in an unstable relationship ("Apart"), and the danger of betrayal ("...Deep Green Sea"), Smith actually utters the phrase "let's get happy" in the surprisingly optimistic "Doing the Unstuck".

On "Friday, I'm in Love" (the catchiest Cure

song since "Just Like Heaven"), Smith finds something to look forward to: "I don't care if Monday's blue/ Tuesday's grey and Wednesday too/ Thursday I don't care about you/ it's Friday I'm in love".

The Cure shatter any hints of happiness by launching into "Trust" which harks back to the dirge-like form of "Homesick" off *Disintegration*. A philosophical "Letter to Elise" precedes "Cut"- the angriest and most embittered song on *Wish*.

Simon Gallup's pummeling tenor bass-line is counter attacked by Porl Thompson's furious wah, wah guitar. Smith's desperate

vocals over power them all: "when I look at you, I see/ face like stone/ eyes of ice/ mouth so sweetly telling lies...."

The shimmering "To Wish Impossible Things" floats, climaxes, and crumbles into the chaotic "End".

Eight years ago Smith begged "Please come back- all of you" on "The Top", but now the antistar wails "Please stop loving me- I am none of these things" as his last words.

The Cure have retained their dignity and the trust of their fans on *Wish* because trust is born out of familiarity, and we all feel safe with what we know.

ENTERTAINMENT

Music We Know You Like But Are Afraid To Tell Your Friends

Eric Greenwood and Todd Anderson

Having been inundated with the worst music of our lifetime during the past few years, Eric and I decided to write an article in this final issue of the Bell Ringer to set everybody straight on good music, even good pop music. Remember "Your Kiss Is On My List?" Then this article will strike close to home. We re-reviewed albums we know all of you have or should have, and some albums you don't have and probably don't really want. Anyway, what better to start things off than the queen of pop music herself, Madonna.

Madonna - Like a Virgin - Despite the interesting juxtaposition of the artist's name and the album title, the Boy Toy proves she can seduce anyone. Her voice manages to be sultry even through the slop-pop music. If you're a guy, you'll want her, and if you're a girl, you'll want to be her. And it contains the liner note, "I knew him before the butter dripped off his noodle." **Joan Jett and The Blackhearts - I Love Rock and Roll** - One of the greatest albums ever. Classic covers of "Bits and Pieces" and, of course, "Crimson and Clover." Stayed at the top of my list for years. Joan Jett is the sex diva of rock and roll.

The Police - Outlandos D'Amour - A three-piece, intelligent, alternative-pop band makes it big despite their intentions to make good music; imagine. The best Police album until "Synchronicity." Everyone must hear "Be My Girl - Sally" for a crude sample of British wit. If you

don't have it, buy it, on record, of course.

The J. Giles Band - Freeze Frame - One of the most on-drugs albums ever recorded, though I didn't know it at the time. "Centerfold" and "Flamethrower" are amazing, but "Piss on the Wall" beats them both. Peter Wolfe solo doesn't quite hack it.

Heart - Heart - The eponymous 1985 album from the talent that brought us "Barra-cuda." Ann and Nancy bring some killer tunes. "These Dreams," with Nancy on lead vocals, is easily the best song Heart has produced in the past decade. Heart also displays their writing prowess on a whopping four of the album's ten songs.

The Cars - Shake It Up - The guitar solo from the title track will remain embedded in my brain forever. Ric Ocasek is really ugly, but he's got a good lookin' wife. This early eighties band was truly ahead of its time.

Soft Cell - Soft Cell - "Tainted Love" remains the ultimate early eighties classic. Little did I know that Marc Almond would go on to record "My Last Night In Sodom !!"

The Go-Go's - The band of the eighties. Coming from their deep punk/hard core roots, Belinda and Co. rip it up all over the place. Last year, their "Best Of" was released (though I don't know how one delineates their "Best"), and one must pick it up to hear them thrash out "Cool Jerk" (a fifties surf song).

Duran Duran - Seven and The Ragged Tiger - The hair, the make-up, the Reflex -

what more could you ask for?

Tears for Fears - Songs from the Big Chair - Can you believe they broke up? I was devastated. I cried the first time I heard "Shout." "Mother's Talk" and "Everybody Wants to Rule the World" are amazing. Four thumbs up. 1985 was certainly the best year for music.

Smokin' Caterpillar - The Demo - Appropriately titled because this tape has the unique approach of having no drums except on "Another Shade of Beige." Apparently, an absent-minded drummer known only as "that freshman," forgot to record his parts. Guitarist Muffy and bassist Tickle present their funky pop songs in instrumental form preferring to "keep it mellow." Muffy stated in an interview before disappearing into a hair salon looking for a singer with soul. If you don't have a copy of this tape, you are probably lacking some mellow funk and an ounce of care.

INXS - Listen Like Thieves - Before 1987 there existed an Australian pop band with some soul. *Listen Like Thieves* is a good album. The drums sound like real drums. Michael Hutchence stays away from the pseudo-sultry vocals of "Need You Tonight," the sap rap of "Mediate," and the totally cheesy schtick of "Never Tear Us Apart." *Listen Like Thieves* is downright amazing compared to *Kick* and last year's *X*. INXS could smoke before corporate interest raped them.

Scorpions - World Wide Live - Way back when heavy metal ruled, the Scorpions were like

none other. This album was recorded on their '84/'85 tour, and it captures the metal everyone knew and loved. "Rock You Like A Hurricane," "Bad Boys Running Wild," and "Can't Live Without You" really blow your mind. The Scorpions have been trying to rewrite these songs for the past seven years. This album is also essential for Klaus Miene's unintelligible "English" comments between songs. For example, I think "luvafursting" is "Love At First Sting," but you make the call.

The Breakfast Club - The Soundtrack - The ultimate soundtrack for the ultimate teen-angst movie. My theme for life. Simple Minds and the Wang Chung on the same record - can't beat it!

Van Halen - Diver Down - The most overlooked Van Halen album. Featuring the expected pyrotechnics and the unexpected covers, "Where Have All The Good Times Gone?" (how can you go wrong with the Kinks?), "(Oh) Pretty Woman" (Roy O. - 'nuff said), "Big Bad Bill (Is Sweet William Now)" (big bad Dave needs therapy), "Happy Trails" (sort of takes the mystery out of the David Lee Roth firing, eh?).

Footloose - The Soundtrack - The movie that changed my life. I wore Chucks All-Stars for years after seeing this one. Kenny Loggins is a movie theme song master. I didn't think that he could out-do Caddyshack - boy, was I off base. Denice William's "Let's Hear It For The Boy" remains in my top ten and the duet between Ann Wilson and

Heart and that guy in Lover-boy is a true tearjerker.

Huey Lewis And The News - Sports - "It's Hip To Be Square" "Nuff said.

The Power Station - The Power Station - John and Andy Taylor of Duran Duran teamed up with Robert Palmer! It made me sweat too! "Some Like It Hot" and "Bang a Gong, Get It On" truly rock. They lost their edge though when Palmer was replaced by Michael Des Barres. Hey, at least Duran Duran is still rockin'!

Debbie Gibson - Out Of The Blue - Debbie, currently playing Eponine in *Les Miserables* on Broadway, is almost getting the recognition I always knew she deserved. *Out Of The Blue* spans! Debbie did all the writing on this debut blowing away Tiffany, Paula, and the Vanillis. "Red Hot," "Out of the Blue," "Shake Your Love" How can you live without her?

Disco Squid - ...And the Ladies Dig It - Brilliant.....a stunning debut! The bands humorless music makes you smile. Lead vocalist/lyricist/guitarist Sprout presents his singing style in a Jim Morrison meets Vanilla Fudge manner giving a brooding atmosphere to the already maudlin sound. The music is precariously poised between mid-mosh and all out slam thanks to bassist Spanky and, of course, drummer Stu, a winner!

C. C. P.

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LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

I, **Russel Acosta**, being of frazzled mind and just barely sound body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Billy Strasser and James Huang 20 dollars and thanks for contributions to my lunch fund; to Carter Baker a scientific calculator, I won't give you another in a million years; to Matt Zibas any tape I haven't returned some glue to keep your cars gears from slipping, a year supply of Skoal's for your dining pleasure in Martin, some cleverness and cunning the next time you try to hide your chew, 99,000 New excuses to go out when grounded; to Michael Burke, ATV stop reading so many books; to Grant Seshul a tiny sum of envy and some support for Auburn; to Billy Strasser a map showing the way from Texas to North Carolina, Mott's apple sauce, and a Norelco shaver, trust me, you need a better one; to Winston Chapman, a bulldog for companionship.

I, **Todd Anderson**, being of sound mind you do hereby bequeath to the following in no particular order. To Fetus- all the memories of "Morning Eric", some Wesley, a cold..., that smell, my ability to walk upstairs without exiting, mack police, an eye for an eye, freckles, a long mean..., Krystal guy talk, "like I want to die", some mackin' . Mexi-mack, JG; to Dr. Niemeyer - an Erector set, the Danzig album Lucifuge; to Shade - a blue thing with things, a little bit of soul now to put you right, a mack, a car door to match the others, two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree, Allatoona (you know it), "The question is what are YOU doing here?"; to Kyle Hatcher - "Bad baloney! Bad baloney!", "Scott! Scott! You awake? Scott!...", thanks for the ae; to Wes - bottomless ae, Dud, Memphis?, a key, that girl at Tom Petty; to Charlie Thombs - some Wesley, Ben Curtis; to David Howerton - some Wesley, pickles, Krystal guy talk, some mackin', the ability to look a girl in the face; to Jasmine - some mackin', a nostril; to Eric Greenwood - a whip, fundies (for USC), some mackin', my girl problems, a rash, the Smokin' Caterpillar legacy, the name "Spanky", some

CARTOONS!, a feminist; to Dr. Drake - my gratitude and appreciation for the best class I've ever had awake or asleep, love and happiness to accompany him to Perry, Geow-jah; to Asher - a caress from the west; to Warren - a nap, a game of ping-pong, my Latin homework, purple unicorns and paisley dragons; to Todd Kemp - a metronome, the Smokin' Caterpillar legacy, a windy day, a fat groove; to Holley - a dead walrus, a touch of cynicism; to Sacha Engel - me, because I know you don't want anything else; to Sarah Phillips - some mackin', a motorcycle; to Julie Asbury - a ride in my car, bowling shoes; to Lissa - a muzzle for Jeffrey, a waffle, a song, nie ah, some mackin', the video game "Where the Hell is Carmen Sandiego?", a bond-servant; to Taylor Wray - "I liked yor wife", loud music in your den; to Garrett - Q-tips, wet-naps, Fatal Attraction, Lindsey, a Jeep that plays "Dixie", a duffle bag (not with...like hers); to Eric A. - a gate key, the Jeep (if it survives the summer), a haircut (you greaseball!), tweezers, Julie Asbury, an alarm clock, a clean record, some mackin', "Bass in your face"; to Robert H. - Spider-Woman; the second and fifth amendments for the "Sun-Roof Incident", the wonder twins, some mackin'; to Hank - California girls, Lou, some mackin', some CARTOONS!; to Matt Foster - a slice of bologna and a fig newton; to Trip - gratitude for supporting the Squid, new tires, Fatal Attraction, gummy-beary juice; to Mr. Regen - my haircut; to Martin - a moped, two words: Don Juan, Julia; to Sonny - a whimpy car; to Justin Crosslin - the mannerisms of Andrew Dice Clay to replace those you have now; to Andrew Pearson - enough hair to put in a pony-tail; to Winston

Chapman - a liberal; to Will and Derek - some cold beverages and coat hangers; to Sean Strauss - a drum set; to Ben Curtis - grundle-berries, a wrench; to Snake - some cherry tomatoes; to Gaius - a driver's manual, the sign "Danger: Slucius Ahead", the book Things Never To Throw a Soggy At; to Nick - Bambi (the movie!), a bachelor pad and video equipment; to Andrew Fitz. - "Stiff Stuff" (for his hair), Winston Chapman; to Howie Rietz - the knowledge that you can't outlive George's reputation for wild, wild living even if you do have the new Pixies album; to Shann - an enigma for you to figure out, neat hair, a pierced something-or-other. Mack on, young ones!

I, **Bo Bartholomew**, being of sound mind, body and soul, do hereby bequeath to: Paul Moser, mud for his pippen, deoderant for his stinky, and two new thumbs; Grant Seshul my good looks and speed; Jackson Wray my common sense, some good jokes, and my ability to be humble about my good grades; Joe Underwood a leash for Kathy to have tighter control; Chris Johnston all my cockiness I never used; Brent Miller my tool box and towel for his tongue; Michael Weldon my height, list of girl's phone numbers, and wrestling partner, Nick; Brian Cherrington my Biology book; John Wallace a new pair of feet; Brett Seshul my superior knowledge of chemistry I never shared with him; Brett Sanders some humility; Sonny Heiser "10 easy steps how to drive" and "how to find a date"; Roy Alley all those track practices he missed out on; Tiger Harris my phone number and a picture of my sister; John Arenal the awesome responsibility of FCA; Tom Hamling the noise-making ability of visualizing the discus; Joe

Sitton the brass shot; Andy Ward the basic 70' shot put video; William Rice my art talent he never knew about; Joey Delemos the podium on stage for public speaking and a prom date for the next two years; Eric Crawford the letter "E" to be branded on his chest; Shad Weaver my Braun electric razor; Coach Regen a new swimsuit poster and a new long-snapper; Morgan Parker the key to Park Plaza to meet Katey again and a note saying that Whitney left him; David Corts a wedding ring; Bo Sundius all the gripes about senior privileges; Randy Tidwell my heavy metal music tapes; David Frazier a book "1001 Things to Do" and a navy sailors hat; Jason Boutr- the 5 min Bible study book for next year's meetings; Mark Szydlo new sister named Laura, hair growth tonic, and a picture of Pete; Carter Baker speedo with tiger stripes; Justin Crosslin a new lunch box; Shannon Durrett the discuss slack technique and Detective Coleson's script; Breen Frazier relaxation pill for mock trial weekends; Peter Stahl a brush and comb; Greg Holyfield 2 more dollars and rubber band for future paperclip wars; Chad Bottorf pillow for Biology, Szydlo's jokes; Ryan Tyrrell; Stokes Palmer metal disc so you won't be sitton desk; Tad Wood a lifetime pass for ice-cream man; Tab Burkhalter non-stop video of Simpsons; R.A. Dickey a dog named "Lap" and a wig; Ford Simpkins charge of my little sister; Eric Ericson my car stereo with one working speaker;

Pat Hale a tan; Glenn Gaston sister to watch out for; Jim Uden all my agility and cat-like reflexes; Judd English the change of watching out for Joey; Will Bartholomew 5 more years of the best time of your life

I, **Tab Burkhalter**, at the time of writing this Last Will and Testament am temporarily verified of being of sound mind and body and thus am medically competent of being legally responsible for the following clauses and sentences. Upon arriving at MBA, I was given a pink ribbon for my long hair. I hereby divide this ribbon among any long-haired people currently enrolled or wishing to be enrolled in the near future. The only requirement for the ribbon is that the ribbon must be worn everyday and five demerits assessed for dress code violation(Handbook pg. 26 Section: Hair, Subsection 3.); To Paul Moser, I leave my bank account and my cashflow card so that you will not have to call me and borrow money. I also leave my rifle and a bullet proof vest for anybody standing around you when you shoot; To Matt Zibas, I leave you my collection of cups from the lake-house parties. I also leave you with a year's supply of wooden matches from the local participating Calhouns' restaurants; To Kyle Smithson, I leave a manual on "How to Fire and Clean a Hand Gun". I also leave you my manual on safe driving; To Brandon Hulette, I leave my knee braces and a golf cart for your own medical purposes. I

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LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

leave you all the prewrap and medical tape I have accumulated for the past 6 years; To Chip Crossman, I leave you as legal guardian of Sandy and enough funds to provide for her many needs; To Flagg Youngblood, I leave a bottle of 365 valium, one for every-day which you are president of the Service Club; To the future editors of the yearbook business staff, I leave the sanity and common sense needed to be in charge of the yearbook Business Staff. You have no common sense, if you took the job in the first place.

I, Brian Cherrington, being of sound mind and body bequeath the following: to David Corts a wedding ring; to Michael Weldon a trip to Guido's and a bottle of stud cologne to attract the girls and get a starting position; to Matt I leave a citation, the nickname "Machine Gun" for his Gretzky-like hockey skill, and enough CB in 4 years to fill a swimming pool; to Matt Valenti the two dollars I owe him from 8th grade; to the guys I went to Florida with a seavoyage... wow; to Johnny Bruno my hockey skill; to Brandon Shea I leave a funnel, Ashbib, and a copy of doodoo brown's latest work; to Ed Martin, some hair plaster, Destin, and procrastination before a hockey game; to Steven Hunt a clue; to Drew Patterson a stocking filled with oranges, Pez candy, artificial flowers, Martin Fox's poetry, apple stems, a MLA handbook, the *Collected Works of Thomas Mann*, and a little Borgesian humor; to Chris Johnston and Mark Szydlo a bottle of expensive cologne and a bottle opener; to Mike Anderson, Mother Goose; to Julian Bibb, the skill of Picasso; to Kevin my brother, six long, hard, but fun years.

I, Hank Clark, being of sound mind and body hereby bequeath the following: To Johnny Bruno, an air conditioner and a large, frothy tub of rabbit-skin glue; To Hugh Gaston, two more years of high school for "the young one"; To Anton, a "pass-and-pick-away" and a can of extra chunkysauce for next year; To Hagan, a witty comment; To Ed Martin, a spit-wad between the eyes and a fine pair

of bell bottoms; To Brian Cherrington, loads of left-handed forestry and a large, ferocious MAD DOG!; To Taylor, a teacher who knows his real name and some quality procrastination; To Seth, long, flowing hair, lovebeads, and college women; To Garrett, a seat on "her" lap during graduation; To Szydlo, a chin-sack; To Todd, a real Soup Dragons tune and a veritable cornucopia of mack; To Eric, front row-center seats for Cure, several thousand in Tower cash certificates, "I WANNA WATCH CARTOONS!", and a noble home with Ivey in Blackpool, England; To Will, college English, the eternal words "I got the blues...", hibernation, and a sunny day at Brook's; To Big Nick, a car, a weighty, brown pear, and a "G rated" movie; To Derek, stomper boots, three women to live with, and the college scene; To Alex, the classic word "Fatty", another "veiny-land" to walk on, to be All American, and an eternal "BAMFF!"; To Diego, French, a good hack, lacrosse in France, and a "soggy"; To Shan, an everlasting patience, a guarantee that high school does end, to become All American, a plane ticket to L.A., a "killer" hack, and as always "Index, man. Definitely."; To MBA, all of my parents' cash, and at least 500 dollars wasted on "haircuts"; To Coach Daugherty, double word, hammer, a family-sized tube of Jiffy-Lube, and a home full of li'l Jims; To Mrs. Paschall, a megaphone and riot helmet, a key to the new art building, and my thanks for the help and support.

I, Warren Connally, drawing on the fondest memories of my six (ahem) graceful years at MBA, do hereby bequeath: to Kenshin Ichikawa: a date with my sister; to Charlie Thombs: golden sunshine; to Will Brooks: the sand and the sea, the moon and the sea gull; to John Sisco: hurricanes and dragonflies aplenty; to Ben Curtis: grundle...; to Andy Russ: inspiration; to Bobby Zapf: a steady kickin foot; to Justin Robinson: Smokey Hollow cheeseburgers; to Michael Ligon: my sincere thanks; to Sean Murphy: a trusty pair of boots and adventure unending; to

Winn and Andrew: the funds; to Winston Chapman: the more appropriate name of Baba Ram Winnie, and the dollar he never lent me; to Michael Burke: a softball; to Shann: a perfect place to; to Thomas Lee: a poster of Bruce; to Zach Greenwood: sublime angst, a moonlit field in which to frolic merrily, a bag of peanuts, and the remains of a meal; to Shane Hayes: hope for the future; to Chris Kuhn: line, shape, texture, value, color, *humor*, music, etc...; to Buck Blair: appreciation of aesthetics; to whom it may concern: *Europe 72*; to, uh, everyone: thanks....



Photo by Russell Acosta

End of the year jubilation.

I, Justin Crosslin, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath: to John Crosslin, an indestructible truck with K.C.'s and 40X20.5 mudders and sympathy for the tree or whatever you hit, the 1600 and 3200 meter races, a camera, an el camino conquista, all the trails in the park, the cross country team along with 50,000 water balloons for camp, my Notre Dame hat, and a hair cut. To Tommy Lawrence, I leave a weeklong fishing trip on the Hiawassee, operation Farmboy, water balloon war, polish sausage, all the Del Monte stickers, A.I. cream, a sunburn, mudding in Bellevue, the Rudolph Red Nose 5K race, and my Barrons Chemistry book. To Scott Hande, a three dollar bill, a burp after eating at Ceasers, and a pair of argile socks. To David Wyckoff, all the music history tapes I don't have. To Roy Alley, new knees. To Andy Stoll, a truck with no roof, Christy Cookies, and a tug of war with a mule. To Greg Jones, Vandy basketball games. To Jennifer Farringer, a perfect per-

son like me, a complete survival kit for the golf including Cambel's soup, a challenge of Chubby Bunny, a life supply of cookie dough, a pool, a water balloon wound, and the right to call herself a hoss. To Ashley Camp, the Spanish version of "I'm too Sexy", a set of colored permanent ink markers, a truck, a day of four wheeling, a day at the Bill Goodman's gun and knife show, all the movies you haven't seen and I have, polyester dress, a day of golfing, a decorated car, and the phrase "That's gross". To Naomi Limor, a water gun, dancing lessons, a broken in hat, and a

"Huang" number and a Sports Illustrated Swimsuit calendar. To Taylor Clifton Harris III, all my academic medals and a go-cart crash into Mark Wyckoff. To Andrew Fitzgerald, a water proof backpack. To Stephen Ward, Vandy basketball season tickets. To Coach Regen, a conversation with Josh.

I, Asher Dudley, being of increasingly screwed up and unfortunate body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Russell Acosta, thanks for nearly strangling me to death in the 9th grade with a coat drawstring; to David Proctor, a 10mm Glock 17 with extra clips - you know what to do with it - and thanks for being able to reality, no matter how warped his vision became; to Breen Frazier, the 1993 edition of Robert Ebert's "Home Video Companion" and one year of my servitude in honor of his being one person at this school who understands both sides of going here; to Matt Foster, an earring for the other ear - one just ain't cool - and a copy of Dr. O'Dell's *How to Understand That Women Are Human Too*, plus a lifetime supply of those high-energy drink mixes he enjoys; to Giles O'Dell, the Enforcer 2000 (heh,heh), an idea for a movie that actually comes through, backstage passes for a combined Consolidated / Public Enemy/MC 900 Ft Jesus concert that will never come to Nashville, enough tolerance to spend another year in this city without committing any major crimes against our esteemed government, and any piles of insight into the world, life, and human nature that I ever happened or will happen to stumble over; to Beth Osgood, my thanks, my apologies, and a cook a thief, a wife, and her lover; to Geoff Kidney, the eventual usurpation of Flea in Chili Peppers and that little metal figure that fell off his jacket; to those who tolerated me, thanks, but you shouldn't have; to those who liked me, well, nevermind, that was your own choice.

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pool. To Carrie Crossman, a rolled car and rearranged room, a dunce hat, and a Joker card. To Brooke Brown, a real truck, free admission to the gun and knife show. To Alex Rogers, love circle hills, a new foot, a whanger, a car not wrecked, and my Calvin and Hobbs book and the like. To Brandon Hulette, some of my clothes, food, etc. To Thalia Acosta, the thought of beating "the guys" bowling. To Jill Kasselberg, white duct tape, a birthday cake, a copy of "Christmas Vacation", a license, a green hot chile pepper. To Coach Pruitt, wigwam, a water balloon war, a Cross Country Region championship shirt and team shirt, a copy of Jimmy Buffet's "Margarettville", all of my off the wall questions in class, and an arrowhead. To Randy Tidwell, a date with You Know Who to prom. To Michael Haslam, some VM, and Knights game season tickets. To Andrew Pearson, my Garth Brooks collection, a water hole to four-wheel in, a swamp, Lions, and the Spirit o'76. To Matt Zibas, a paddle boat. To James Huang, the

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

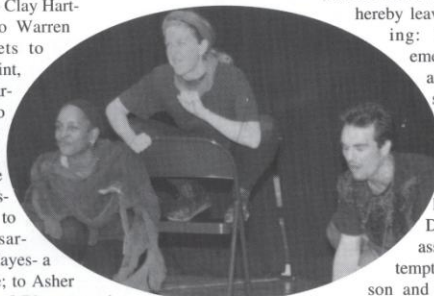
I, **Matt Foster**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby bequeath the following: to Todd Anderson and Eric Greenwood: some bologna and a fig newton. To Justin Crosslin: the Spanish version of "I'm Too Sexy". To Martin Fox: The Anarchist Cookbook, The Doors of Perception, and lots of experimentation. To Breen Frazier: atheism, and cherry NyQuil. To Tommy Lawrence: a real sport, a pool filled with wild cherry jello, and a mini-van. To Andrew Pearson: a real car, a fake pony tail, a plunger, a whip, wild cherry jello. To David Proctor: a cold frosty, a racing bike, and antidisestablishmentarianism. To Christian Puryear: an Ice-T tape and a U2 CD, 500 rolls, handcuffs, wild cherry jello, cereal, the Psycho Hose Beast, and a hollow wooden leg. To Billy Strasser: another double date. To Randy Tidwell: some clothes from a blue light special at K-Mart, and Heather Kirksey. To Brooks Martin: everlasting memory of "I love you more!" and the nickname "Blackie". To Jim Miller: a picture of Boris Karloff, and the chorus. To Mrs. Weltholter: moroseness, dandiness, the Johns' Hopkins' video, and a picture of Steve Martin. To Dr. Niemeyer: a copy of "Ferris Bueller's Day Off". To Mrs. Christeson, Mr. Lanier, Mrs. Palmore, Mrs. Hollins, Dr. Drake, Mr. Womack, and Mr. Herring: my most sincere thanks and my deepest respect for the great teaching and the inspiration you have given me.

I, **Eric Greenwood**, being of holy mind and muscle-bound body hereby bequeath the following: to Chuckles (Charlie Thombs)- a vulgar thought, a black mask and cape (rubble, rubble), and a picture of Shad; to Grant Hammond- my Grape Ape Magnet, a new sweatshirt, the ability to spell, some Count Chocula, and fish; to Andy Russ- ?; to Ben Curtis- an excuse, a fresh batch of grundleberries, and a safe ride home; to Robert Howell- God, marriage, and sympathy for the poor; to Sean Murphy- his own pair of grippers; to Andy Anderton- The entertainment section, and a Scheil; to Todd Anderson- an opinion on something,

the ability to contradict what anybody says, De Squid, bologna, and my slamming talents on stage; to David Howerton- a copy of Frederick Douglas' "My Freedom and My Bondage", a blind date (ha, ha), my safe driving, and operation Illustration; to Tom Hamling- taste in music and/or musical knowledge; to Chris Bynum- "Truckin'", and my poetry skills; to Julian Bibb- Showtimes "After Hours" Presentation, and the phrase "Shake it Off"; to Zach Greenwood- my driving skills, copies of my tapes, and tickets to the next Brady Bunch reunion; to Clay Hart- Zither lessons; to Warren Connolly- Tickets to The Dead, restraint, and soccer at Harpeeth Hall; to Hank Clark- tickets to L.A., no hair code, and the CD single for "Fascination Street"; to Stephen Bess- sarcasm; to Shane Hayes- a Coke and a smile; to Asher Dudley- Shades of Blue; to Christian Puryear- Primus; to Sean Strauss- Cure stuff; to Michael Ligon- understanding of Basic Instinct; to Nick Taylor- a CD collection, a house to spend the night at so he won't have to tell his mother he has demerits, Chem/phys labs, and Danzig; to Dr. Niemeyer- the John Hughes anthology, a copy of Madonna's Truth or Dare, and a green man; to Coach Daugherty- a ball and chain; to Shann Anderson- "The Sanity Assassin"; to Joe Sitton- Reo Speedwagon's greatest Hits; to M.B.A.- schwa; to "The Him"- Don't ever fade away.....

I, **Scott Hande**, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath the following: to Andrew Fitzgerald, an artillery barrage, a big rock to climb, Sherylin Fenn, a dead clique, some straight hair, some driving tickets, a North Face, and some squashed caterpillars; to Jason Barton, something smelly; to Will Berry, a wanker and something to make him stop wheezing all the time; to Julian Bibb, a dime to throw and a copy of Ready, Willing, and Able; to Frazier Buntin and Glenn Gaston, cross-country

camp, water balloons, and freshmen; to Winston Chapman, the official title of god-emperor, a dose of communism, my French medals, and one last ride in the charreusse mudguppy; to John Crosslin, control of the CC team, a clean locker, and some weenie bowl spittle; to Suresh Gunasekaran, a little cynicism for those afternoon classes; to Kyle Hatcher, some chicken and dumplings; to Pat Jackson, a little dance; to Bo Mixon, a bloody nose; to Sean Murphy and Andy Russ, singing lessons for their shower concerts and tips on



the finer points of card playing; to Andrew Vahrenkamp, a few French diphthongs and the Opinions section of the paper; to Sachin Vaikunth, a sack; to Barrett Rose, \$2.50 for any great bargains he may find, and the ability to misconstrue anything anyone says; to Charlie Thombs, a jug of gatorade; to Robert West, some pump-fakes and some endurance; to Mark Dunkerly, Weemo; to Dr. Crowell, my book How to Pick on Alex, with the hope that he can apply it to other students; to Mr. Elliott, some instigation; to Mrs. Hollins, Jason, Winston, and all the other bebes; to Coach Pruitt, someone to watch him (in the absence of Coach Drake) and to keep him from losing the clipboards, irritating opposing coaches etc., a dictionary with which he can: 1) make up more Pruitisms, 2) check his own spelling, and 3) look up the word phthistically.

I, **Robert Howell**, of random mind and bozaked body, do hereby bestow the following: to Bill Wilson my credit card for Shoes-R-US and my knowledge of chess; to Suresh Gunesakaran, the first half of Behdad's words and my luck with speaker awards;

to Bobby Hartman my Nietzsche library; to Zach Greenwood, the name "splinter" and money for his wedding present to Eric; to David Brooks, my shrine to Ayn Rand and the knowledge that nobody has a right to a minute of his life; to Brooks Martin the word schwa; to the new seniors, a magnifying glass and a compass; to Charles Warner, a raincoat and the song "Volcano"; and to the rest of the world the fact that they should take themselves less seriously.

I, **David Howerton**, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the following: To Dr. Niemeyer: complete and total subservience to Ferris Bueller and the video game Sonic the Hedgehog; To Mr. Dougherty: an assassination attempt on Eric Ericson and an alibi; To Mrs. O'Connell and Mrs. Christeson: a sincere thank you; To Coach Regen: a job at this school; To Dave Sifford: continued success on the mound, a new batting glove, and my collection of Looney-Toon memorabilia; To J. T. Davenport: my unparalleled prowess in lunchtime paper-football games; To Zach Greenwood: a new bean bag; To Eric Himmelfarb: an Ogle-V home perm and my Rubik's cube; To Parks Owen: high speed water-balloon chases; To Ben Corbett: dunkball, a trashcan (la Corbeille), and my ability to cheer for myself during sporting events; To Charlie Thombs: the theme song to a circus; To Monty Poe: the legacy of the mafia; To Richard Douglas: my ability to gain weight; To Mark Solesby: Some No-Doze for added energy; To Michael Burke: an entrance in Webster's dictionary under the definition of anonymous; To Winn Keathley: a book on photography, and a free pass to the Blue Oyster Bar; To Ben Callister: Something to get whatever that is out of your hair; To Mark Fuqua: a winger and the maturity level of Jack Cunningham; To Andy Anderton: my pickle

tossing ability, 101 different ways to stack, co btree, and the meaning of life; To Andrew Fitzgerald: some intimidation; To Mike Anderson: some Levi Garrett, a haircut, my title to being the "nicest guy", a life size poster of Judd, and a rake to rip someone a new #@?%!; To Ford Simpkins: a brain and a quarter to buy a clue; To Sean Murphy: The voice of Ed Macmahon; To Mark Szydlow: a never-ending workout; To Carter Baker: a job at Orkin exterminating; To Andy Stoll: five bucks for the tennis racquet; To Sonny Heiser: Holley Phillips; To Brian Cherrington: a cherry bar and some motivation; To David Cortis: a chainsaw; To John Schlansker: a more pronounceable last name; To Glenn Harris: late night Krystal runs, a job at Exxon, Halloo!!!, and all of my Legos; To Shade Murray: something to do next summer, various hair care products, fudgy or Julie Asbury, and my assorted basket of nothings; To Christian Puryear: a common ancestry and a pimento cheese sandwich with a glass of water and eight straws; To Todd Anderson: a big stack, molding mud, projectiles from the jeep, and a big mack attack; To Bo Bartholomew: a mortal sin and a guest appearance in the book of Deuteronomy; To Eric Greenwood: Operation Illustration; how to make prank calls, some poison Ivey, revocation of your drivers license, driving lessons, my entire music collection, and an Elvis autographed jar of mayonaisse; To Grant Seshul: guitar lessons, a Malibu Barbie, a trip to Alabama, and all my computer games; To Morgan Parker: a larger head, one of those things you like so much, normal music, and the plain fact that I am better than you; Finally, To Michael Weldon, . . . a Rose, fruit cocktail, a home run in home run derby, Tecmo Bowl, my good luck, a stepladder so you can see what it's like up there, Joy and Happy-ness and Bliss, and one of those extremely rare red things. Thanks!

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LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

I, Greg Jones, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Tommy Lawrence, my membership at Richland and an apostrophe; to Andy Stoll, a good mood, the Muppet Movie, a ticket to Eclectic, Alabama; to Morgan Parker, a big hat and a ride home; to David Wyckoff, the quarter I've owed him since 7th grade and my churchball starting position; to Scott Hande, some weight, a sponge, my Larry Bird fadeaway; to Roy Alley, new shocks for the Hotel Bonneville and long hair; to Alex Rogers some common sense, a Physics class to teach [I never said that - ed], a theme topic to challenge him; to Jackson Wray, a good pun or two and some skis; to Mr. Wright, some Excedrin, intestinal fortitude to follow his heart, an eggplant; to Ford Simpkins the title of Big White Boy; to Roe Elam credit for title above and a pool of still water; to Hunter Connelly my own dunkball prowess; to David Fitzgerald my second serve and slice backhand; to Charles Warner a big dog and a meeting with Mr. Poston; to Mr. Caldwell some interesting announcements to read; to Sammy Smaldone a muscle-tee and a roadmap.

I, Thomas Wright Lawrence, III, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following items: to spring break '92, I leave an el camino and some hydrocortizone cream. To the water balloon fighters, I leave some paper mache. To first period computer, I leave my Cracker Barrel spread sheet, and yes it is doing well. To Justin Crosslin, I leave a drive shaft, a healthy homecoming, all of my fishing stories, a copy of the movie Batman, Joe Sitton's medical bill for his back, a true weenie bowl victory, and all of our operations; especially Farmboy in the hopes that one day he will be able to pull it off. To Christian Puryear, I leave a large block of salt, five hundred, and a flame. To Andrew Pearson, I leave a pride of lions, some swamp land, and a new seepa. To Greg Jones, I leave my jumping ability, and an apostrophe. To Roy Alley, I leave my billiards skill and my one-on-one victories. To

David Wyckoff, I leave a date with a person of my choice. To Andy Stoll, I leave my metal fairway woods and a draw. To Chris Johnston, I leave my church ball championship ring. To Billy Strasser, I leave some divots from the bowling alley and the chips from the Spirit. To Michael Loftin, Ookaay...you get the power of the Trooper, a Sports Illustrated swim suit calendar - especially September, and my superior Slak average. To Alex Rogers, I leave a tube of lipstick (it was Dave, I promise!). To John Schlansker, I leave the list and a non-complaining woman. To Matt Zibas, I leave a long talk and some playing cards. To Matt Foster, I leave 29 cubes of wild cherry jello and the ability to call lions late at night. To Taylor Wray, I leave a small stupid puppet and a ticket to see the guignol in France. To Scott Hande, I leave the question "What's your problem?" and the best shade of green. To James Huang, I leave my sunburn and an assignment pad. To Ryan Tyrell, I leave any help he needs in the Princeton Review help class - just call me. To Warren Connally, I leave a calculator case if I haven't given it to him already. To John Crosslin, I leave a tree, a parked car, and some straight hair. To Ben Curtis, I leave an iron fence. To D.J. Salinas, I leave control of the 1992 golf team, my superior driving distance, and the two freshmen for another year: good luck. Tommy Brown, I leave all of my completed computer programs and three hours of make-up. To Cooper Jones, I leave the ability to drive my car and a trip to Texaco. To Self Feed, I leave my hacking ability, and a date with the Russian Nut Cracker. To Stephen Bess, I leave two clicks, a paper football, and one demerit of course.

I, Shade Murray, being of... well, just being, bequeath the following: to Winston Chapman, I leave Andrew Fitzgerald, you two deserve each other; to Andrew Fitzgerald, I leave my ACLU membership, my copy of Cross-dressing as Charo and Other Favorite Pastimes by Donald Trump, and a wife

who will keep her maiden name; to Malena Salberg, I leave my inflatable Clarence Thomas doll, enrollment to Williams, and my single of "I Don't Know How to Love Him"; to Andy Anderton, I leave col-breh, Erin Jones, a future in fire announcements (think subtext and conditioning forces), and a "Get Out of Senior Year Free" card, to Julie Asbury, I leave fudgy-fudge, Holley's bedroom (the Phillips are mailing the adoption papers soon), and the swimming scene in A Room With a View; Sarah Phillips a ray of sunshine, and



two years with the Fox; to Zachary Skipper, I leave shoe polish, Destin in '94, and a key to the Chi Omega house at Ole Miss (where's the bathroom?); to Benjamin Purser, I leave a leading role (good for three weeks or the first 300 lines, whichever comes first) to Martin Fox, I leave a car, a Fox/English-English/Fox dictionary, and a wild weekend in Niagara Falls with Uta; Julia Harrison shall get blinking road blocks, gifilta fish, no more deadlines and bundt cake; to Ben Nimmo, I leave a girl like Tamera (the real one's taken, sorry); to Scott Hande, I leave the Green Monster, a horse in striped pajamas, and baloney, tigers, and Mrs. Bowers; to Kara Emerson, I leave a man, 4, and the honorary Miss Mule Day title (don't worry, there is no understudy); to Trip McLaughlin, I leave some id,

my healthy lungs, a friendly neighborhood Perkins; to Carrie Crossman, I leave a prom date in February and everything shiny and happy; to Nancy Wright, I leave proper prom footwear and a purple gorilla; to Holley Phillips, a mac (make it a big mac), good night a-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding, and the leading role opposite Barry Manilow in Grease 3; to David Howerton, I leave a stack and a chili pup (breakfast o' champions); to Garrett Kyle, I leave Lindsey (what a cutie!), Buckley's "attribute", sockets, and a free dinner (at my house, wear a tie); to Todd Anderson, I leave some wet-naps (wipe your face) and some aloe vera (to heal the wounds) Everything else that I leave to Todd, he can just leave at the border (what did you expect?!? Allentoonia ???); to Taylor Wray, I leave a stogie ('cause we're the guys!); to Mrs. Welhoelter, I leave a door; and to the Paschalls, Mr. Womack, Mr. Wright, and Mrs. Palmore, I leave my thanks for making my stay at Montgomery Bell a little more pleasant and worth while. "I don't like shoes that pinch your toes or people who squirt you with the garden hose but mmmmm!!! I like onions." - Henrik Ibsen
I, Morgan Parker, do hereby leave as my last will and testament the following things to: Jackson Wray: a tuxedo for his wedding to Molly. A false point of mine which he can't prove wrong, a picture of my car to remember his car by while at school, a Picture of my den where he first met MOLLY!; Grant Seshul: some real.teva's, a fake id for HH cops, coordination to go along with his strength and speed; David Howerton: the man with the most nicknames, A FU MAN CHU, a tennis racquet to remember when he was better than me, a girlfriend who the SIMPLETON will not take away, the crown for king in home run derby; Bo Bartholomew: a sense of social - awareness, A "real" idea which might actually be fun, A real man's physique, the award for the most dates with the most different girls, the award for the most involved boy in everybody's life; Greg Jones: some strength, speed, vertical

jump to go along with his coordination, The MVP of dunkball, The best 5th man in tennis; Andy Stoll: A TV to take to college so he wont get lonely. A time where we actually could fight not just push each other, a sense of dedication to practice something other than sitting and watching TV; Roy Alley: the Award for the comeback player of the year, a real sport: tennis, a new air conditioning which I never did break, a pack of toilet paper which I never used to roll his house; Hunter Connelly: a pair of elbow pads to protect my cuz next year, a great roommate at Sewanee, a ability to out wit-think- debate-and wrestle Jackson, the award for the laziest man on spring break; Brent Miller: the crown for most made fun of boy in lunch football, the most perfect boy to give Back rubs!; Mark Szydlo: the funniest guy on campus award, a transplant of my hair next fall when finally after 18 long adolescent years all his hair falls out; Derek Van Mol: A new Landau, the remembrance of the Brentwood nights, the courage to keep his basketball career going; Scott Hande: some muscle, a mean bone in his body, a rebellious attitude against his parents; David Wyckoff: The title "The Eternal Pine Brother"; David Fitzgerald: All the tennis he can stand (5 mins.) A real debate partner, all of my notes to copy, a new golf cart so he can practice pressing the gas pedal, the Tennis racquet which I have now borrowed for 3 years; John Wallace: A pair of feet which do not hurt, a new laugh, A sea island trip which I can actually go on, the title of "the tallest Skinniest champion fisherman whose feet always hurt after drinking orange juice;" Sam Smaldickey: a sense of humor which normal people can understand, the district and region title in tennis, a chance of qualifying for the nationals this year; Mark Fuqua: as my last punishment a black eye, a sixth sense to know when his locker will be shut with the lock already locked; Parks Owen: a fake Id for after HH dances; Whitney: An apology for all the bad time and a thank you for all the good ones, All of my love.

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

I, **Andrew Pearson** being of sound mind and swamp-like body do hereby bequeath: To Christian Puryear: My car (and be forced to drive it); a blowtorch; some toilet paper; a 5 year old box of Mr. Phipps Pretzels; a jacket; some salt; a bad copy of the MBA Christmas Concert; the reassurance that Rice is only a couple of hours away; the phrase "Shake This Off, Buddy!"; my half of the Moron Twin nickname so you can be a complete moron; various broken bones and a plane ticket so your dad can fly in and vacuum your room. To Tommy Lawrence: a lock for your car window; a twelve-foot water balloon launcher and 10,000 balloons; 500 rolls and some newspaper; some stupid nicknames; a muddy truck; an El Camino and a Pinto; a whip and a chair; a really tall putter; a flounder; and a new car paint job (3 parts flour, 2 parts water, and 1 part toilet paper). To Justin Crosslin: a 4-wheel' machine; a singer for your group; a cookie; a real hat; a special shampoo that reduces hat-hair; a big water balloon; a big enough bag to carry all your school stuff; a neon lunchbag so you can find it easier; some Gushers and other assorted break-type food; a racquetball racquet; a lamprey; some shoe polish; some egg repellant and a deck of cards with all jokers. To John Crosslin: the knowledge that you have one more year; a ticket to drive in a demolition derby; some mud; and some grape Gatorade. To Michael Loftin: a cabinet that you can open and close at your leisure; some magazines for biology; and a back brace for help to carry your backpack around.. To Bartley McGehee: a bar fly, a Nutcracker and a life. To Sonny Heiser: a crash helmet and a big poster of Super Dave. To Jim Miller: the wisdom to choose baritone over second tenor; a digital watch; and some obnoxious shirts. To Brian Camp: the ability to sing without having a goofy expression on your face. To Myr Wilson: a years supply of tacky socks; a hypercolor t-shirt; a guide to being an obnoxious sophomore and the thought that you have three more years. To

David Hofstetter: my assorted Macintosh utilities and about ten disks worth of games; a time on the track and an 18 foot long jump. To Andrew Vahrenkamp: the head of the group of so called track workers; a beat up old pick up truck with a camper on it and a stopwatch. To Alex Rogers: an alarm clock that goes "Bzzt...Bzzt...Bzzt!". To Asher Dudley: that you be shot by a duck; a date with Janet and Frankenfurter; a Whitney Houston tape; a hair cut; some tan Duck Heads; some loafers and a hat with no character. To Billy Strasser: the Spirit-O-'76; a long jump

to John Crosslin the finest barbecue pig feet in Spring Hill, Tenn; to Alan Sundell the fur off my back; to Barrett Rose a comb to keep the hair out of his eyes and a piece of advice: watch out for mud. To any unfortunate soul with first period study hall my top ten activities to do before coming to school; to Sanjay Shenai the rest of my fashionable shirts and an organized collection of my dance pictures; to Billy Strasser his own personal showing of Basic Instinct and 70 bucks to go with it; to Trevor Hegort my as yet undiscovered lacrosse skills; to Eric Greenwood and Todd Anderson the bologna residue

a stud blossom, operation yes sir and break the stick man, my bowling average of 50, a show and tail, a booklet entitled It's O.K. to be a Yankee, and a Deja Vu catalog, and Ford Simpkins and Aaron Norman can fight over the rest.

I, **Grant Seshul**, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: To Jackson Wray, a nerf lacrosse ball, and secondly a new couch for the sun room, because the old one is still smokin'; To Michael Weldon, a tummyciser, and a nice big cup of fruit cocktail; To Carter Baker, a book of rhymes, and a huge trophy,

Randy Tidwell: If anyone wants anything from me, just find my house and you shall have it.

I, **Joe Underwood**, being of sound mind and body, leave the following: to Mike Anderson the hopes of dating my girlfriend and my #11 jersey; to R.A. Dickey a clam, the ability to read the tackle on an option play, the freedom to do what he wants on a basketball court 'cause its showtime, a great senior year, and the best of luck in everything he does; to Andy Ward, the desire to eat 20 ribs (and everything else in the restaurant while you are in Memphis) and the love of baseline work with Coach Thoni and Coach Forehand; to Andy Barratt a new woman that won't do you wrong, corn pudding, and the best of luck in basketball; to Ben Corbett, the luck of getting to shoot the basketball while R.A. is in the game; to Will Coles #50, a uniform that will fit, and the ability to hold your own in the paint for the next three years; to Jim Uden, a better senior year and spring break, and a golden delicious apple from Washington; to Parks Owen a pair of boxers so he won't have to wear panties under his football uniform; to Bo Mixon, a Mickey Mouse watch; the Phil Hill, a pack of starburst; to Alex Dean, Art History; to David Brown, the fun of driving to and from South Nashville and MBA while assembling the LEGO castle.

I, **Michael Wheldon**, Being of profound mind and superior intellect hereby leave the following: to Mike Anderson a free pass to the place where every girl is Solid Gold; to Howie.....a girl?; to Brian Cherrington-Miss Chaos; to J.T. Davenport a new pair of shinguards; to David Corts-the mystical ways of Mr. Bacca; to Boom Boom Patterson-the ability to become ambidexterous; to Chuckles-a more threatening appearance; to Clinton Russell-a meat pack for his eye and the theme song to Rocky; to

Please see next page...



Pressing onward...

Photo by Justin Crosslin

to Coach Regen: an unlimited supply of chubby chalk. To Brooks Martin: a black light and my Fine Arts Club membership. To Alan Sundell: a classic with an untouched hard drive and an Opryland visor. To Everyone on Spring Break '92: a schwing; my driving ability; a bungee cord; some bacon and LaVela. To Chip Crossman: a car full of newspaper and toilet paper. To Eric Greenwood: the strength of will to not make Christian's tape till sometime next year; some driving lessons and my copy of DIRT.

I, **CHRISTIAN PURYEAR**, after having served six years on the hill do donate the following: to Stephen Hunt a light blue, horns on the hood, flames on the side, b..... cammaro; to Myr Wilson his own personal soundette for future proms; to Marshall Kirksey the 8.1 gene and my six year collection of duck heads; to Stuart Smart the perfect Slick Weasel set up along with absolute control over the I.C. volleyball squad;

in my front yard; to Chip Crossman my ling legacy and the knowledge that toilet paper comes in cycles; to Andrew Pearson a steel cage for his lion, a whip and a chair, white man dancing lessons, the Sears Spring Catalog, a Supercuts gift certificate, and a beautiful home in the swamps; to David Howerton a common ancestor and Sarah Phillips; to Tommy Lawrence Josh's personal phone number for lonely nights, a real man's minivan, the guts to watch a horror movie, a stuffed flounder, the secret to Jill's desire, and I'll spot him 100,000 on Mrs. Pac-Man; to Matt Zibas Sloppy; to Richard Boswell all the toilet paper he promised me, M.D., two dozen roses, and a long talk; to Randy Tidwell Heather Kirksey; to Michael Haslam ordinary household bleach; to Justin Crosslin 500,

of listenable music, and the last word on anything; To Morgan Parker, basement stairs on which to learn the alphabet, a hair cut, and a hat that fits; To David "Washee" Howerton, a bunch of chores, my bowling techniques, and a large supply of small poultry; To David Corts, a second science fair project report, a loud S. Hunters Ho!, and the brotherhood of the Triumverate; To Brett Seshul, some "sacrilege"; To Joseph Sitton, a herculean body; To Bruce, I mean Tad Wood, a crazy woman; To Greg Jones, a rich woman that he can learn to love; To Barrett Rose, a comb for his lush hair; To Parkes Owen, a bunch of rides home, and a good radio station; To Mark Fuqua, a nice locker door holder; To Ward Walmeth, a book on how to find girls on the ski slopes.

Good Luck to the Class of 1992

From Alex Rogers, Editor-in-Chief

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

Brett Sanders-a picture of me to put next to Fran at night; to Ray Brooks-a penny; to David Frazier-a little bit of strength; to Morgan Parker-a head shrinker and a promise to take care of Whitney while he is gone; to Glenn Gaston-a nice juicy steak in the middle of wrestling; to Bo(Sam) Bartholomew-a funny joke; to Grant Seshul - Capt. Smith's autograph; to Jackson Wray-a little bit of relaxation; and to the rest of the Junior class - another 10-0 season.....See Ya!!!!

I, **Tad Wood**, being of unexplainable mind and dry body do hereby Bequeath the following items; to Joe Sittin I leave fun next year as an MBA lineman and the knowledge that some things can never be beaten, to Winston Chapman I leave a tummysizer, to Peter Stahl a pair of crutches that he will hopefully never need, to Stokes Palmer I leave another year of fun at defensive end, to Clinton Russel an icepack, to Johnathan Spencer I leave a bottle of Revlon conditioner and a new comb, to Dan Pirtle I leave a passing grade in something, to R.A. Dickey I leave an intimidating face for all sports, to Charlie Thombs I leave some pictures of Karen, to Mr. Herring I leave a copy of *Saturday Night Fever* and some mousse for his beard, to Mr. Gaither I leave him the very thing that I first met him with: THE FEAR OF ENSWORTH, to Austin Koon I leave a beach or something soft that he can fall in, and to Parks Owen I leave a hot dog and a path to follow on I-40 west.

I, **Seth Robertson**, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath an Onyx Essex Tuxedo and a Spanish rock for tossing to Michael Loftin; a Bronco II to Sonny Heiser; a pair of concrete shoes to Shade Murray; a book with plenty of marginal notes to Greg Jones; a better sense of humor to Jackson Wray; my excellent senior leadership and athletic qualities to Kavi Paruchuri, Michael Burke, and Suresh Gunesakaran; plenty of notebook paper to Monte Poe; and a wide array of wildlife ties to Coach Dougherty.

I, **Charles Jackson Wray**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Roy Farmer Alley, a green thumb; To Bo Bartholomew, a "shocking" joke, fifty female friends (one in each state), the couch in his father's study, and the suggestion that his next name change be to a polysyllabic appellation; To Hunter Connolly, several valuable photographs of the rare Gygi bird and one delicious pecan pie of his very own; To David Cortis, a chimp; To Eric Ericson, better luck in the future against Pong masters of my caliber; To David Frazier, a \$50,000 wrestling match/debate with Sonny Heiser; To Scott Hande, *un haricot vert* which bears an eerie resemblance to him; To Sonny Heiser, money for more ski lessons; To David Howerton, the Guinness records for most nicknames and for most chores of any person in the civilized world; To Greg Jones, the painful knowledge that I had him by the throat but mercifully let him win the last tennis match we ever played; To Garrett Kyle, editorship of next year's annual; To Shade Murray, a small patch of Eternal Darkness that shall hover above him all the days of his life; To Morgan Parker, a bunch of frozen bananas, a foolproof/head-shrinking kit, and a long-lost love in Baltimore; To Alex Rogers, two questions, the direct proportionality of b to b [editor's note: I never said that], and denial of any and all dumb comments he has ever made; To John Schlansker, an absurd last name and an "Amrrrk!"; To Grant Seshul, many a black eye and other "accidental" injuries; To Behdad Shashavari, an even more ridiculous surname and a book on sneaky signaling techniques during mock trial competitions; To Andy Stoll, the harsh reality that I will always be taller than him, even if he grows to be 6'8"; To Michael Weldon, plenty of milk for a growing boy along with an endless supply of fruit cocktail; To M. *le malfaisant* (Taylor) Wray, our tarnished family name the consequence of his own dark nature.

I, **Billy Strasser**, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following; to Russell Acosta, a nickname he doesn't already have, a lifetime supply of Mott's, and the wisdom not to pull over in the turning lane; to Mr. Gaither, the ashes of my Latin I book; to Lee Hampton, my ability to get out of school for 4-H athletics; to Michael Haslam and Barrett Rose, a hearty "Dougghhh!"; to Mr. Dog, a litter; to Winston Chapman, a Pillsbury Doughboy doll; to Brett Seshul, my golf game; to the Joker, Swamper, Russ and Christian the spirit of 76; to Ben the wish that they all could be California girls; and to MBA, my thanks.

I, **David Wyckoff**, being of sound mind and not as swift as I'd like body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Coach Rundberg, a CD of atonal music; to Coach Pruitt,

Bradshaw; to Mr. Herring, the book *Herring's Guide to "Isms"*, the CD *Saturday Night Fever*, and a hearty "DadGum!"; to Mark Dunkerly, a date to Harpeth Hall's prom; to Mark Wyckoff, my car Leatherface, the right to totally demolish all my PR's in cross-county and track, and rights to the nickname "Big Wyck"; to ToeJam, 3 years of improvement in track and cross-country; Hang in there!; to Kenneth Pruitt, my sympathy; to Myr Wilson, a decent haircut and that varsity locker you've always wanted; to Mark Hardison, Bradley Sloan, Jason Barton, and Geoff Zimmerman, fun in the 800 and all my (snicker) speed; to Barrett Rose, the owner of a pair of muscular legs; to Robert West, two more dominating years in track; to John Crosslin, a double-bacon, and a hearty "Hey!"; to Andrew Fitzgerald, a passenger side airbag so

call, and good luck in cross-country at Emory; to Martin F o x , "ARRRRGGGGHHHH!"; to Breen Frazier, a shrine for worshipping Bacchus; to David Frazier, a cricket; to Pat Hale, a FRANTastic day; to Scott Hande, the burden of four more years of school with me; to Sonny Heiser, car and life insurance and my prayers; to Greg Jones, a vertical leap of more than two inches; to Tom Lawrence, a hard basketball foul; to Brent Miller, a banana; to Shade Murray, a haircut and my thanks for making my life a little crazier; to Morgan Parker, a long-sleeved T-shirt so he won't sweat on anyone ever again in basketball; to Andrew Pearson, a videotape of the movie *Swamp-Chicken Goes to Africa* and a stuffed lion; to Christian Puryear, 500!; to Alex Rogers, the ability to ask a meaningful question in a science class; to Brett Sanders, a pin; to Behdad Shashavari, a T-shirt with "Go to ClueMart!" on the back; to John Wesley, a muzzle for Puppy; to Jackson Wray, a funny joke; to all at MBA, my eternal gratitude for six memorable years!

I, **Alex Rogers**, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: to Will Berry, a new computer, a new building, and my best wishes with the paper next year; to Justin Crosslin, a prosperous running career at Emory and a motor vehicle that your brother cannot break, to John Wesley, my thanks for your effort this year - the paper would not have come out without you; to Jackson Wray, a pun worthy of you; to Scott Hande, a pair of water resistant gloves and a tape of the theiving song; to John Wallace, thanks for being a friend for 13 years; to the senior class, my thanks for being the best group a person could go through school with; to my teachers over the course of the last four years, my appreciation for everything you have given me - both in the classroom and out; to Westfield Academy, the hope that it will be worthy of Dr. Drake; and to Montgomery Bell Academy, I leave another glorious 125 years!



photo by Justin Crosslin

The class of '92 will leap into the future at their respective colleges.

my silly foot/hip/groin/knee/shins/metatarsal ligaments/ankle/heel, the right to abuse my brother in track and cross-county for another three years, and a hearty "Yo!"; to Coach Lanier, a can of Poppycock and a lifetime supply of colored chalk for his picktchas; to Coach Owen, many thanks for encouraging me to do my best in track; to Dr. Gaffney, a picture of our AP Latin class; to Dr. Drake, my thanks for six years of advice and good luck in making your new school the best it can be; to Dr. Neergaard, a steady wind to sail by; to Dr. Crowell, daily interruptions of your honors class by Mrs.

I can ride with you; to Glenn Gaston, a broken pane of glass and a good taping by the x-country class o' '95; to Flagg Youngblood, Bartley McGehee, Adam Solesby, and all the other sad souls on the *Bell Staff*, "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"; to Chris Trabue, the knowledge that I really am faster than he is in the 400; to Russell Acosta, my pizza crust; to Roy Alley, the ability to keep his hair in perfect order even while running the 1600; to Ron Cantrell, a pencil stuck in the back of your neck for all the times you poked me in CSAP; to Justin Crosslin, a Chimichonga, a Bear's Bahonkas, a Sadie

Congratulations to all sports teams for their outstanding results this season!

OPINIONS

Debate's Huge Financial Burden

Robert Howell

During the past four years, support for MBA's debate program has dramatically increased. Dr. Paschall and the Board of Trust deserve much thanks for the financial aid given to the program that has furthered our success. Last year the school paid for transportation and housing for the top team's trip to the nationals, the aid of college debater Allen Covrstone was employed, and other benefits were granted to the team. The Southern Bell Forum was funded for its tenth year, and the success of the team has continued to skyrocket. These successes show no signs was abating.

Despite these bright days for the program, some vital needs are still being neglected. The expenses of debate extend beyond the costs that most perceive. Most individuals who aspire to success attend summer programs that range in tuition up to two thousand dollars. This is clearly an expense that is freely chosen, yet a student wishing to achieve to team status will almost inevitably suffer for it. The costs that are intrinsic to being on the top team at MBA are those that the school should help alleviate.

These expenses which include hotel bills, transportation fees, and food are incurred by the weekend travel that debating at a national level necessitates. For the top team, hotel fees are around forty dollars per debater per week-end while transportation generally costs around \$150 per plane flight to major

tournaments. At these tournaments, fifty dollars is spent on food in small cities, more in larger locales such as Chicago.

The top team at MBA encounters such costs frequently. This year I have flown to five or six tournaments in major cities, and have debated at over twenty tournaments as half of MBA's top team. Though my schedule is atypically strenuous, it is not much different from most top team agendas. These expenses can become unbearable.

Multiple problems arise from this financial burden other than the gradual economic drain on current families of other top teams. The debate team becomes more elitist because of the need for financial status, and this trend is apparent on the national circuit. This financial burden proves crippling for some families, and talent is sometimes prevented from blossoming because of a lack of funds. Some debaters must settle for a lower rank on the team simply because their economic status does not equal other teammates'. Situations such as these should not occur for any school sponsored activity. Extra-curricular programs offered by the school should be open to all students regardless of financial status. Additionally, such large personal cost should not be incurred by families of debaters who represent the school in an activity that brings the school national recognition.

Unlike football, debate is not a direct income source

for the school, but its other benefits are every bit as important. The team achieves a reputation of national caliber with other high schools as well as with colleges. Many universities hold Montgomery Bell Academy in high regard as direct result of the debate teams success. Most importantly, debate develops the mind better than any other activity I have ever encountered. The advantages to be gained from the debate program should not be compromised because of the large financial burdens placed upon participating students.

Many solutions could be offered, but the most obvious (and feasible) would be for the school to pay for the travel expenses of the top team. During my four years on the national circuit, I have noticed that the teams funded in this manner produce success after success. These teams are not only successful, but also egalitarian, and therefore disparate. Despite past successes, the debate team can rise to even more lofty perches. This future should not be jeopardized because some students lack travel funds.

[Editor's note: Robert Howell and his partner, Behdad Shahsavari, won the Glenbrook South Invitational Tournament in Chicago this year. By winning this tournament, Rob and Behdad firmly established themselves as one of the top five teams in the nation. Please note that because Rob is graduating, he will gain no material advantage from this article.]



photo by Russell Accosta

Four Years on the Hill

Scott Hande

With graduation rapidly approaching, most seniors grow excited in anticipation of finally moving on from MBA. But commencement is also a time of reflection for the graduating class. Looking back, we can now begin to become aware of all that MBA has given to us and all that it has meant to be an MBA student.

Above all else, MBA has been a place of scholastics. We have learned a lot over four years, whether we like to admit it or not. We have all dealt with workloads that at times seemed near impossible, and we have all encountered times when it seemed we would never graduate. Over the course of some 2000 themes, the class as a whole has struggled to master the MBA guidelines for formal writing. We've battled numerous term papers, a bundle of science labs, and more handouts and homework problems than any of us would care to remember. Although often overwhelmed and frustrated by these academic demands, I can look back on every class I've taken at MBA with the feeling that I have gained something from it. Nor am I alone. MBA certainly deserves its reputation as being one of the finest high school academic institutions in the South.

MBA athletics have also offered us a great deal. Since the school is a small one with a large number of athletic programs, everyone can participate in a sport. Yet, despite the small student population, the school is consistently competitive (and frequently dominant) in every sport. MBA athletics have been wonderful on a more personal level, too, by developing the bodies, skills, and attitudes of those who participate. Other extracurriculars are equally important at MBA. Through clubs or programs for art, drama, chorus, band, forensics, fellowship, and community service, our senior class has been able to pursue their varied interests.

Although MBA is an institution known for its demand for discipline, most of us have managed to have a good time here. Small class sizes have built a sense of camaraderie, and we have made some friends for life. We can all look back over our high school years and recall events which we will remember forever. I appreciate MBA because it has given me more than a top rate high school education. It has offered me all the activities and, more importantly, the friendships that have made my four years here the best of my life.

A Notice to Senior Parents:

If you have not yet picked up your copy of the senior class photo (the one on the front page), they are in the office in the Ball Building.

If you have not purchased a copy of the photo, and wish to do so, the price is \$35. You may order a copy by calling Skipworth Studios at 320-5432.

The Senior Class thanks the faculty and administration for four wonderful years at M.B.A.

SPORTS

M.B.A. Sports: The Year in Review

John Wallace

Last year, at graduation, MBA said goodbye to one of the better athletic classes to have graced its halls in many years, and many people wondered if the following year's class could fill such big shoes.

The MBA athletic year opened in the fall of 1991 with cross-country, golf, and football leading the way. In football, once again, Coach Tommy Owen did a masterful job of leading the team to another outstanding year. After a disappointing jamboree at the end of the summer, the Big Red went on the road to play class AAAA Kentucky powerhouse, Warren Central, where the Big Red emerged victorious over the Dragons 21-13 in a close game. They then returned home to beat the district favorite Overton Bobcats 16-10 on a very special night in MBA history.

It was on this night that MBA dedicated the stadium to Coach Owen for his many years of wonderful service to the school and the community. Inspired, the team travelled to Cleveland, the second ranked team in the state, where the Big Red upended the highly touted Raiders 13-10. It was these first three wins that set the tone for the rest of the season. The team finished the regular season an outstanding 10-0-0 and District 11-AAA champions for the second consecutive season, and 11-1-0 overall.

Continuing in its own winning ways, the cross-country team once again had an outstanding season. Under the leadership of Coaches Pruitt, Drake, and Rundberg, the team went 6-0 in District 11-AAA dual meets. The team also performed well in the bigger meets; coming in ninth in the Tennessee Classic, fourth in the A. F. Bridges, and first in the Galatin Invitational. It was no surprise, therefore, that the team also ran to a District 11-AAA championship, and, for the eleventh straight year, the Region 6-AAA champion-

ship before coming in a disappointing, though nonetheless impressive, ninth in the State.

Likewise, the Big Red golf team turned in an outstanding scorecard. The golfers produced a 13-2 overall record while going 6-0 in District competition, and becoming both District and Region champions before placing seventh in the State tournament, only five shots out of third.

As winter rolled around and the fall season winded down to a close, basketball, wrestling, and swimming took over the spotlight. The winning, however, didn't stop with the arrival of cold weather. Basketball, led by Coach Joe Thoni, had a very successful season. The senior-laden team rode their hard work and winning attitude to a 23-8 record (second most wins in MBA history) and the District 11-AAA regular season and tournament championship before losing a disappointing game to Glencliff in the first round of the regional tournament.

The season was punctuated by emotional wins over Father Ryan, Hillsboro, and Baylor; not to mention the close loss to state powerhouse Columbia Central. The loss of large senior contingent on the team leaves the rest of the team an interesting challenge for next year.

Wrestling also had a successful season, taking a very inexperienced team to a very successful record and a third place finish in the region. From the region MBA sent several wrestlers to the state tournament in Chattanooga. Among those wrestlers who went to the tournament were seniors David Frazier, Brett Sanders, Sonny Heiser, and Sam Bartholomew.

Swimming and riflery, likewise, turned in strong performances. The swim team, with the help of Kozi Kozomara, our Yugoslavian friend, swam to a Region title and an impressive seventh

place finish in the State meet. Riflery also contributed to the athletic success with their second place finish in the state. Charlie Nichols successfully defended his state championship that he won for the first time last year.

With the dawning of spring, came a new athletic season composed of the sports track, soccer, baseball, and tennis. Baseball at the time of this article has over twenty wins and came in second in the district and is playing in the Region finals against their district rival, Overton. Once again wins over rival Father Ryan highlighted another great season on the diamond.

Track season also provided excitement as the team came in second in the City and third in the Region meet. From the Region, the Big Red sent three athletes to the State meet: Robert West in the decathlon (who ended up garnering an incredible third place finish), Sam Bartholomew in the discus, and Carter Baker in pole vault.

Once again, Mr. Lanier's soccer team also produced much excitement. Despite a record number of ties, five, went on to a record of 8-2-5 and the District championship. At the time of this article, in fact, the team is scheduled to play McGavock in the Region finals. Finally, to round out the year in sports, one must notice the ever successful tennis team. At the time of this article they are in the semi-finals of the State tournament after yet another District and Region championship.

As one can see this year's class more than proved that they are at least as good as the previous years class when it comes to athletics, and once again MBA will be a very strong contender for the Pepsi All-Sports Trophy. If won this will be the first time that a school has won the trophy for a second consecutive year.

The 20 win Plateau

Will Berry

After a trip to Cocoa Beach, Florida during spring break, the team returned to Nashville ready to begin a twenty-four game schedule of tough district and non-district opponents. The team opened its season with a 12-0 victory over Pearl-Cohn and then edged Franklin High 5-4. The Big Red then suffered its first loss of the season 9-7 at Lipscomb, in a rain-plagued game halted after only five innings. The team then rebounded to shutout district rival Hillwood, 5-0. After a 6-3 loss in subarctic temperatures to Overton, the M.B.A. defeated Whites Creek 20-0 and split a double-header with McCallie in Chattanooga.

The Big Red Machine then hit all cylinders, reeling off an eight-game winning streak with victories over Hillsboro, Pearl-Cohn, Brentwood High, Dickson County, Ryan, and out-of-state teams Glasgow High from Kentucky and Park Tudor High from Indiana. After suffering a second disappointing loss to Lipscomb, the team rebounded by edging district rivals Hillwood and Ryan, 4-2 and 4-3, respectively.

In its biggest game of the year up to that point,

M.B.A. lost a heartbreaker to Overton, 5-4 in eight innings. The Big Red finished out the regular season by thumping Whites Creek and Hillsboro, placing a strong second with a 10-2 district record. M.B.A. opened the district tournament by defeating Whites Creek for the third time, 10-0. After thrashing Ryan by the same score, the Big Red lost again to Overton, 5-4. The Big Red Machine came back strong and pulled out a 6-4 win over Hillsboro to earn a berth in the regional tournament.

In the finals, M.B.A. lost to Overton for the fourth time, 7-2. On May 13, the Big Red took on McGavock, the District 12-AAA champion, and won 10-1. In the regional final, M.B.A. will play Overton for the fifth time. Representing M.B.A. on the all-district team were catcher Mike Anderson, first baseman Brent Miller, second baseman John Schlansker, third baseman David Hower-ton, and centerfielder Glenn Harris. R.A. Dickey was named the tournament's most valuable player. Under the guidance of coaches Forehand, Forehand, and Woolsey, the team has a 20-7 record and high hopes of a trip to the state tournament.



photo by Justin Crosslin

M.B.A.'s All-American: Alex Dean

A note from the sports editor, John Wallace:

Due to technical difficulties, as sports editor of *The Bell Ringer* I must apologize for the absence of both a soccer article and a tennis article. The accomplishments of these teams do not go unnoticed. The soccer team has captured the district title and

is playing in the region finals at the time of this article. Likewise, the tennis team has been very successful in capturing both the district and region titles, and is in the process of playing in the state tournament. Once again, I apologize.

COLLEGE CHOICES

<u>Russell Acosta</u> Catholic University	<u>Eric Crawford</u> Georgia	<u>David Howerton</u> Kenyon	<u>David Proctor</u> Vanderbilt	<u>Mark Szydlo</u> University of Tennessee
<u>Roy Alley</u> University of North Carolina	<u>Justin Crosslin</u> Emory	<u>James Huang</u> Washington University	<u>Christian Puryear</u> SMU	<u>Nick Taylor</u> Morehouse
<u>Todd Anderson</u> Loyola Chicago	<u>Paul Devgan</u> Purdue	<u>John Inman</u> University of the South	<u>William Rice</u> Washington University	<u>Randy Tidwell</u> Oglethorpe
<u>Carter Baker</u> University of Tennessee	<u>Asher Dudley</u> Emerson	<u>Chris Johnston</u> Georgetown	<u>Seth Robertson</u> University of Virginia	<u>Ryan Tyrrell</u> Brown
<u>Bo Bartholomew</u> Davidson	<u>Roe Elam</u> University of the South	<u>Greg Jones</u> University of Virginia	<u>Alex Rogers</u> Duke University	<u>Joe Underwood</u> University of the South
<u>Jarratt Bell</u> Washington and Lee	<u>Eric Ericson</u> SMU	<u>Vlado Kozomara</u> Lawrence	<u>Tyler Roper</u> University of the South	<u>Matt Valenti</u> University of Tennessee
<u>Chad Bottorff</u> University of the South	<u>David Fitzgerald</u> Washington and Lee	<u>Garrett Kyle</u> Williams	<u>Brett Sanders</u> University of Virginia	<u>Derek Van Mol</u> Charleston
<u>Braxton Bradley</u> Denver	<u>Matt Foster</u> Boston University	<u>Tommy Lawrence</u> Richmond	<u>John Schlansker</u> Indiana University	<u>John Wallace</u> University of the South
<u>Ray Brooks</u> Emory	<u>Martin Fox</u> Rhodes	<u>Michael Loftin</u> Belmont	<u>Brett Seshul</u> Samford	<u>Shad Weaver</u> Princeton
<u>Tab Burkhalter</u> University of Virginia	<u>Breen Frazier</u> Northwestern	<u>Trip McLaughlin</u> Year Off - Alaska	<u>Grant Seshul</u> Auburn	<u>Michael Weldon</u> University of Tennessee
<u>Chris Bynum</u> Denver	<u>David Frazier</u> United States Naval Academy	<u>Brent Miller</u> University of the South	<u>Malcolm Sewell</u> University of the South	<u>John Wesley</u> Yale
<u>Ron Cantrell</u> Johns Hopkins	<u>Graham Goodloe</u> Undecided	<u>Paul Moser</u> Vanderbilt	<u>Behdad Shahsavari</u> Duke University	<u>Tad Wood</u> University of Mississippi
<u>Bryan Cherrington</u> Washington University	<u>Eric Greenwood</u> South Carolina	<u>Shade Murray</u> Northwestern	<u>Kyle Smithson</u> University of Tennessee	<u>Jackson Wray</u> Dartmouth
<u>Hank Clark</u> Pomona	<u>Patrick Hale</u> SMU	<u>Ben Nimmo</u> Pomona	<u>Andy Stoll</u> Washington University	<u>Taylor Wray</u> Kenyon
<u>Warren Connally</u> University of Tennessee	<u>Scott Hande</u> Princeton	<u>Morgan Parker</u> Cornell	<u>Billy Strasser</u> SMU	<u>Matt Zibas</u> University of Tennessee, Martin
<u>Hunter Connelly</u> University of the South	<u>Glenn Harris</u> University of the South	<u>Drew Patterson</u> University of Tennessee	<u>Greg Stuart</u> Undecided	
<u>David Corts</u> University of Tennessee	<u>Sonny Heiser</u> Richmond	<u>Andrew Pearson</u> Colorado School of Mines		
	<u>Rob Howell</u> University of Iowa			

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE TRACK TEAM
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The Class of 1992

FEATURES

On Commencement: Thanking Those Who Make a Difference

Robby Bueno, Class of '86

Congratulations to the class of 1992. Commencement is a time of celebration. While it signifies an end of sorts and forces us to say goodbye - to familiar people, places, or frame of mind - it is also signifies, as Mr. Gaither used to remind his Latin students, a beginning and makes us consider what lies ahead - new school, new people, new experiences, new dreams.

Whether we move from junior school to high school, from high school to college, or from college to the "real world," we anticipate the changes in our lives with both fear and excitement.

As we celebrate the accomplishments of the graduating seniors, both as individuals and as a class, we are reminded of what a joyous and happy time commencement is.

For the members of my class, the class of 1986, however, it is also a time of sadness - a time to remember the tragic deaths of our classmate and friend, Steve Gilleland, and his younger brother in an automobile accident the day after our graduation.

I am sure that many of us remember vividly those events surrounding Steve's death. Having just experienced the joy of graduating on Saturday morning, we were suddenly met with the shock of hearing the news the next morning.

In the span of a few days, we moved, as a class,

from seeing Steve's parents to the memorial service in Wallace Hall to the funeral. For many hours, we talked among ourselves trying to explain what could not be explained. Few of us were prepared to deal with such an event.

We coped as well as we could - some of us finding answers, some of us not. And as each of us moved on to college in the next few months and into a new stage in our lives, we all thought of our

Commencement offers the opportunity to recognize and give thanks for those relationships that give meaning to our lives - with family and friends, with teachers and coaches.

friend who would not be making the journey with us.

During that summer, I saw the movie "Stand By Me," and one line was particularly memorable. The narrator, commenting on how childhood friendships have dissolved over time, says, "People pass in and out of your life like busboys."

While the passage of time and nature of human relationships do reduce many to being merely "busboys," in our lives, it is also true that one person - who may be in our lives for only a short period of time - can make a dif-

ference.

Whether they end up at a different school, move to a different city, or pass away, these people can have a significant effect on us for the rest of our lives and continue to influence us even though we may no longer see or hear from them on a daily basis. Such is the case with Steve and many of his friends, including me.

Like many of my classmates, I continue to think often of Steve - especially at this time of the year - and of what his life meant to his classmates and to each student who was at MBA during that year. Although his life may have meant different things to different people, I hope that Steve's tragic death served as a reminder to all of us of how our relationships with each other are to be celebrated and cherished.

Because occasions such as commencement force us to consider where we have been and where we hope to go, they offer the opportunity to recognize and give thanks for those relationships that give meaning to our lives - with family and friends, with teachers and coaches.

As the seniors leave MBA and begin college, whether it is down the street or across the country, I hope that each takes a moment to give thanks for those people who have made a difference in his life.

FRIDRICH & CLARK

REALTY

H. Whit Clark, Jr.
BROKER

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The Old ...

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The New ...

1992-1993

The Bell Ringer

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Sports: Julian Bibb

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Chris Trabue

Photography: John Crosslin

Advisor: Dr. Christian Niemeyer

EDITOR'S PAGE

"Dicere licebit quod non edideris; nescit vox missa reverti"

(You may erase what you have not yet published, but words spoken cannot be recalled - Horace)

Alex Rogers, Editor-in-Chief, 1991-1992

The Bell Ringer has striven to serve the school as a vehicle of student expression. This year has seen the introduction to the paper of a color title, a letters-to-the-editor page, and articles that produced controversy.

I have always felt that the function of a school's paper should not merely be to report on what the students have done but to raise issues salient to campus life.

Though there have been ups and downs with the paper, I am very proud of the issues that have been raised and discussed this year.

For that reason, I wish to provide a brief recap of some of the more memorable aspects of the 1991-1992 *Bell Ringer*.

The first issue saw the advent of color in the student newspaper for the first time in M.B.A.'s history. The idea behind introducing the color was that a more vibrant first

page might entice students who might not otherwise look at the paper to pick it up. For the first time since I have been associated with the paper, and I have been a staff member for four years, virtually all of the newspapers were picked up within a short time.

Additionally, the first issue saw the birth of "From the Annals of W-5" which reproduces some of the aphorisms presented in Mr. Anderson Gaither's class taught from (of course) Wallace room 5.

The second issue introduced the concept of a features page which periodically brought presentations of import to the student body. In that second issue the Honor Council president's speech to the student body was reproduced.

The Letters to the Editor section started in issue two as well. In the Opinions Section, several articles dealing with prejudice and generalizations

were printed. The article on generalizations generated a storm of controversy as well as a rebuttal in issue three.

The third issue dealt with "The Legacy of the M.B.A. Gentlemen" in its Features Section. With articles from heads of student organizations as well as the important contributions of two teachers, Mrs. Anne Christenson and Mr. Ken Downey, the articles were published coincidentally with another first in *Bell Ringer* history - a survey conducted in accordance with legitimate statistical techniques. Graphs of the results of some of the questions on the survey were printed. Additionally, the issue featured artwork by senior Will Rice.

The fourth issue had several responses to articles printed in the third issue. Dr. Wayne Batten wrote a piece following up on the topic of the M.B.A. Gentleman while Mr. Steve Rundberg and

Breen Frazier responded with letters to the editor in response to a previous letter by Matt Foster about the chorus in the third issue.

The fifth issue honored Dr. Drake for his twenty-three faithful years to the school and wished him well as headmaster of Westfield Academy in Perry, Georgia. In the Entertainment Section, Robert Howell reviewed M.B.A.'s foray into the dramatic arts with the play What I Did Last Summer.

No editor could have asked for a better staff than I had this year. Thanks guys!

I would like to especially thank the copy editor, John Wesley, who put in many hours with me laying out and organizing each paper, and Dr. Christian Niemeyer our faculty advisor.

Finally, I would like to thank Dr. Douglas Paschall. Without his support, the quality of the newspaper would have been substantially lower.

In the first place, Dr. Paschall approved M.B.A.'s purchase of a new, faster computer for the newspaper which cut layout time in half.

Most significantly, though, Dr. Paschall gave me permission to publish articles of my choice, even those critical of the school. Dr. Paschall, thank you for your faith in my judgement; I hope future editors recognize you for the great friend to the paper that you are!

Well, Will, you're Editor-in-Chief now and in for a difficult but unbelievably rewarding year. I wish you the best of luck.

**From the
Annals
of W-5:
Against the
wordmaster,
wage no wordy
war, for speech
is given to many
but wisdom to
only a few.**

To the readers: This paper could not be printed without the determined efforts of the Business staff. **Roe Elam**, in his capacity as business editor, has been crucial to the publication of *The Bell Ringer*. Thanks for everything, Roe!

Alex Rogers



Skipworth Salutes The 1991-1992 *Bell Ringer* editors
(not pictured: John Wallace)

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ENTERTAINMENT

A Word to the Wise about Summer Movies

Breen Frazier

After the summer of 1989, which seemed to produce blockbuster after blockbuster like *Batman*, *Lethal Weapon 2*, and *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids*, Hollywood success has been very unpredictable. Many of the expected hits of 1990, like *Days of Thunder*, crashed only to have *Ghost* rake in the big bucks.

So in the summer of 1991, Hollywood thought that movie audiences wanted really mushy stuff and promptly put out *Dying Young* only to have *Terminator 2* rake in the bucks with its spectacular explosions and special effects.

In between have been those surprises like *Pretty Woman*, *Silence of the Lambs*, and the biggest shocker, *Home Alone*. As the summer of 1992 draws near, movie studios are paranoid about what to put out, so they are returning to the stuff they know works: sequels.

This year, sequels to all of the \$100 million moneymakers from 1989 have returned, with the exception of *Ghostbusters* and *Dead Poets Society*. There's also *Patriot*

Games which is technically a sequel to *The Hunt for Red October* and *Alien 3*. Most of these films will probably do very well, but at some point they will start cancelling each other out.

Additionally, there's a good chance that some of these just won't be any good at all. So, in the interest of prognostication, here are my picks for the biggest moneymakers of this summer.

1. *Batman Returns*. No real surprise here. The film has lots of stars (Danny DeVito, Michelle Pfeiffer...oh yeah, and Michael Keaton) and the original director (Tim Burton) to insure that his vision of Gotham City is not lost. It has a built-in audience who liked the first one. It also has lots of neat toys, like a new Batmobile, a Bat-hang glider, and a Batboat, as well as lots of explosions.

I think the movie will do a lot better now that Burton has cut out entirely the part of an Afro-American Robin who would have surfaced at the end of the film.

The whole character, as Burton himself feels, takes away some of the mystique

about Batman. Some of the plot twists are still kind of hokey, though (like Michelle Pfeiffer being resurrected by cats so she becomes Catwoman). It won't make as much as the first, but will probably end the season with \$150 million.

2. *Lethal Weapon 3*. Also no surprise. This one is thought by insiders to be the big hit of the season. It also has all of its stars back (Danny Glover, Mel Gibson, and Joe Pesci) and the original director (Richard Donner). The movie will be opened on May 15 so it has a three week head start on *Batman*. It will probably do very well until *Patriot Games* and *Batman* open and then fade very rapidly.

This time Murtaugh (Glover) and Riggs (Gibson) are facing a gun-smuggling ex-cop one week before Murtaugh retires. Like its predecessors it has lots of gun-fights, chase scenes and explosions to keep the crowds happy. Probably no more than \$125 million when all is counted.

3. *Patriot Games*. Is there anyone who doesn't like Harrison Ford? His name alone

on any action movie will carry it over \$100 million. Considering this is a Tom Clancy thriller and *Red October* was such a success, then the first week opening alone will be \$35 million, at least. But the real draw here is Ford, who replaces Alec Baldwin on this and all other future Clancy movies. My guesstimate is \$120 million. It's going to be close between *Lethal Weapon* and this one.

4. *Far and Away*. The success of this one really depends on the tolerance of the audience. If they're ready for another *Dances with Wolves* then it's a hit. If not, it's crash and burn time. This movie uses a whole bunch of wide screen shots of beautiful scenery to its advantage. Filmed in 70 millimeter format, it's supposed to be wonderfully photographed.

The plot.....wellllll. Tom Cruise can't hurt the films chances but his Irish accent might. Remember Kevin Costner's attempt with a British accent in *Robin Hood*? Tops out at \$85 million if it's really good.

5. *Honey, I Blew Up the Kid*. Close call. It won't make near as much as the first one because people are sick of Rick Moraines doing all these awful things to his kids. The originality of the first one seems trite here. But enough people will see it to push it's

total to about \$70 million.

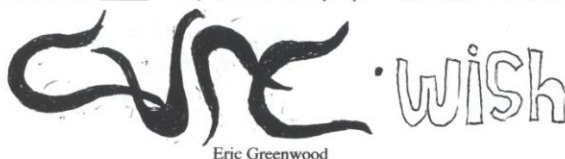
From this point on, it's going to be a maelstrom of high-concept movies all dying for your money. *Housesitter* with Steve Martin and Goldie Hawn has excellent word of mouth about a woman who invades a lonely man's life and won't leave. The problem is that this movie has almost exactly the same plot as last year's *What About Bob?*, which was directed by the same person, Frank Oz. That movie died after about \$35 million so the same can be expected here.

Eddie Murphy is back with *Boomerang* about a ladies man who falls for a woman who doesn't love him. Murphy's box office draw is always good but it's diminished significantly since *Harlem Nights* and *Another 48 Hours* flopped. Maybe if he realizes that people would see his movies if they were funny, then he'd be more popular. As it is, the advance word isn't too good. If there is to be a *Thelma and Louise* of this movie season, it will probably be *A League of Their Own* about the first woman's baseball league. It will draw a sizable and powerful female audience, although it doesn't have too many bankable stars (Madonna, Geena Davis, Tom Hanks). For those into some kinky quirkiness, David Lynch will be back with *Fire Walk with Me*, the Twin Peaks prequel that will explain the past to all its characters, Laura Palmer included.

My biggest prediction, though, is that *Alien 3* is going to die a quick and painless death.

It will last for three to four weeks at best and gross less than \$50 million, not good for a film that cost more than \$60 million. Some of the early reviews have been favorable, but overall it's been predominantly bad.

Of course if you're really bored you can go see Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dolph Lundgren in *Universal Soldier*, but only after you've seen *Batman* twelve times.



Eric Greenwood

Most of The Cure's career has been "bathed in lies" as one reviewer put it, but both critics and fans agree that "if it's hard to know what to believe, it's easy to know what to believe in". You can trust The Cure.

Personal involvement in The Cure's music is rewarded with a sense of belonging. Once you've been converted to Robert Smith's dream-synth world, there's no turning away.

After defining and redefining their world of music, The Cure has stumbled upon something worth checking out on their new album *Wish*. Although the new album doesn't exactly break new

ground for the band, it does, however put them light years ahead of the rest of the music world.

Rarely stepping out of his scope of personal disenchantment, Robert Smith finds himself, dare I say, "up-beat" on a few songs on *Wish*. After howling about the darkness of drinking himself sick ("Open"), the lack of communication in an unstable relationship ("Apart"), and the danger of betrayal ("...Deep Green Sea"), Smith actually utters the phrase "let's get happy" in the surprisingly optimistic "Doing the Unstuck".

On "Friday, I'm in Love" (the catchiest Cure

song since "Just Like Heaven"), Smith finds something to look forward to: "I don't care if Monday's blue/ Tuesday's grey and Wednesday too/ Thursday I don't care about you/ it's Friday I'm in love".

The Cure shatter any hints of happiness by launching into "Trust" which harks back to the dirge-like form of "Homesick" off *Disintegration*. A philosophical "Letter to Elise" precedes "Cut"- the angriest and most embittered song on *Wish*.

Simon Gallup's pummeling tenor bass-line is counter attacked by Porl Thompson's furious wah, wah guitar. Smith's desperate

vocals over power them all: "when I look at you, I see/ face like stone/ eyes of ice/ mouth so sweetly telling lies...."

The shimmering "To Wish Impossible Things" floats, climaxes, and crumbles into the chaotic "End".

Eight years ago Smith begged "Please come back- all of you" on "The Top", but now the antistar wails "Please stop loving me- I am none of these things" as his last words.

The Cure have retained their dignity and the trust of their fans on *Wish* because trust is born out of familiarity, and we all feel safe with what we know.

ENTERTAINMENT

Music We Know You Like But Are Afraid To Tell Your Friends

Eric Greenwood and Todd Anderson

Having been inundated with the worst music of our lifetime during the past few years, Eric and I decided to write an article in this final issue of the Bell Ringer to set everybody straight on good music, even good pop music. Remember "Your Kiss Is On My List?" Then this article will strike close to home. We re-reviewed albums we know all of you have or should have, and some albums you don't have and probably don't really want. Anyway, what better to start things off than the queen of pop music herself, Madonna.

Madonna - Like a Virgin - Despite the interesting juxtaposition of the artist's name and the album title, the Boy Toy proves she can seduce anyone. Her voice manages to be sultry even through the slop-pop music. If you're a guy, you'll want her, and if you're a girl, you'll want to be her. And it contains the liner note, "I knew him before the butter dripped off his noodle." **Joan Jett and The Blackhearts - I Love Rock and Roll** - One of the greatest albums ever. Classic covers of "Bits and Pieces" and, of course, "Crimson and Clover." Stayed at the top of my list for years. Joan Jett is the sex diva of rock and roll.

The Police - Outlandos D'Amour - A three-piece, intelligent, alternative-pop band makes it big despite their intentions to make good music; imagine. The best Police album until "Synchronicity." Everyone must hear "Be My Girl - Sally" for a crude sample of British wit. If you

don't have it, buy it, on record, of course.

The J. Giles Band - Freeze Frame - One of the most on-drugs albums ever recorded, though I didn't know it at the time. "Centerfold" and "Flamethrower" are amazing, but "Piss on the Wall" beats them both. Peter Wolfe solo doesn't quite hack it.

Heart - Heart - The eponymous 1985 album from the talent that brought us "Barra-cuda." Ann and Nancy bring some killer tunes. "These Dreams," with Nancy on lead vocals, is easily the best song Heart has produced in the past decade. Heart also displays their writing prowess on a whopping four of the album's ten songs.

The Cars - Shake It Up - The guitar solo from the title track will remain embedded in my brain forever. Ric Ocasek is really ugly, but he's got a good lookin' wife. This early eighties band was truly ahead of its time.

Soft Cell - Soft Cell - "Tainted Love" remains the ultimate early eighties classic. Little did I know that Marc Almond would go on to record "My Last Night In Sodom !!"

The Go-Go's - The band of the eighties. Coming from their deep punk/hard core roots, Belinda and Co. rip it up all over the place. Last year, their "Best Of" was released (though I don't know how one delineates their "Best"), and one must pick it up to hear them thrash out "Cool Jerk" (a fifties surf song).

Duran Duran - Seven and The Ragged Tiger - The hair, the make-up, the Reflex -

what more could you ask for?

Tears for Fears - Songs from the Big Chair - Can you believe they broke up? I was devastated. I cried the first time I heard "Shout." "Mother's Talk" and "Everybody Wants to Rule the World" are amazing. Four thumbs up. 1985 was certainly the best year for music.

Smokin' Caterpillar - The Demo - Appropriately titled because this tape has the unique approach of having no drums except on "Another Shade of Beige." Apparently, an absent-minded drummer known only as "that freshman," forgot to record his parts. Guitarist Muffy and bassist Tickle present their funky pop songs in instrumental form preferring to "keep it mellow." Muffy stated in an interview before disappearing into a hair salon looking for a singer with soul. If you don't have a copy of this tape, you are probably lacking some mellow funk and an ounce of care.

INXS - Listen Like Thieves - Before 1987 there existed an Australian pop band with some soul. *Listen Like Thieves* is a good album. The drums sound like real drums. Michael Hutchence stays away from the pseudo-sultry vocals of "Need You Tonight," the sap rap of "Mediate," and the totally cheesy schtick of "Never Tear Us Apart." *Listen Like Thieves* is downright amazing compared to *Kick* and last year's *X*. INXS could smoke before corporate interest raped them.

Scorpions - World Wide Live - Way back when heavy metal ruled, the Scorpions were like

none other. This album was recorded on their '84/'85 tour, and it captures the metal everyone knew and loved. "Rock You Like A Hurricane," "Bad Boys Running Wild," and "Can't Live Without You" really blow your mind. The Scorpions have been trying to rewrite these songs for the past seven years. This album is also essential for Klaus Meine's unintelligible "English" comments between songs. For example, I think "luvafursting" is "Love At First Sting," but you make the call.

The Breakfast Club - The Soundtrack - The ultimate soundtrack for the ultimate teen-angst movie. My theme for life. Simple Minds and the Wang Chung on the same record - can't beat it!

Van Halen - Diver Down - The most overlooked Van Halen album. Featuring the expected pyrotechnics and the unexpected covers, "Where Have All The Good Times Gone?" (how can you go wrong with the Kinks?), "(Oh) Pretty Woman" (Roy O. - 'nuff said), "Big Bad Bill (Is Sweet William Now)" (big bad Dave needs therapy), "Happy Trails" (sort of takes the mystery out of the David Lee Roth firing, eh?).

Footloose - The Soundtrack - The movie that changed my life. I wore Chucks All-Stars for years after seeing this one. Kenny Loggins is a movie theme song master. I didn't think that he could out-do Caddyshack - boy, was I off base. Denice William's "Let's Hear It For The Boy" remains in my top ten and the duet between Ann Wilson and

Heart and that guy in Lover-boy is a true tearjerker.

Huey Lewis And The News - Sports - "It's Hip To Be Square" "Nuff said.

The Power Station - The Power Station - John and Andy Taylor of Duran Duran teamed up with Robert Palmer! It made me sweat too! "Some Like It Hot" and "Bang a Gong, Get It On" truly rock. They lost their edge though when Palmer was replaced by Michael Des Barres. Hey, at least Duran Duran is still rockin'!

Debbie Gibson - Out Of The Blue - Debbie, currently playing Eponine in *Les Miserables* on Broadway, is almost getting the recognition I always knew she deserved. *Out Of The Blue* spans! Debbie did all the writing on this debut blowing away Tiffany, Paula, and the Vanillis. "Red Hot," "Out of the Blue," "Shake Your Love" How can you live without her?

Disco Squid - ...And the Ladies Dig It - Brilliant.....a stunning debut! The bands humorless music makes you smile. Lead vocalist/lyricist/guitarist Sprout presents his singing style in a Jim Morrison meets Vanilla Fudge manner giving a brooding atmosphere to the already maudlin sound. The music is precariously poised between mid-mosh and all out slam thanks to bassist Spanky and, of course, drummer Stu, a winner!

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LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

I, **Russel Acosta**, being of frazzled mind and just barely sound body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Billy Strasser and James Huang 20 dollars and thanks for contributions to my lunch fund; to Carter Baker a scientific calculator, I won't give you another in a million years; to Matt Zibas any tape I haven't returned some glue to keep your cars gears from slipping, a year supply of Skoal's for your dining pleasure in Martin, some cleverness and cunning the next time you try to hide your chew, 99,000 New excuses to go out when grounded; to Michael Burke, ATV stop reading so many books; to Grant Seshul a tiny sum of envy and some support for Auburn; to Billy Strasser a map showing the way from Texas to North Carolina, Mott's apple sauce, and a Norelco shaver, trust me, you need a better one; to Winston Chapman, a bulldog for companionship.

I, **Todd Anderson**, being of sound mind you do hereby bequeath to the following in no particular order. To Fetus- all the memories of "Morning Eric", some Wesley, a cold..., that smell, my ability to walk upstairs without exiting, mack police, an eye for an eye, freckles, a long mean..., Krystal guy talk, "like I want to die", some mackin' . Mexi-mack, JG; to Dr. Niemeyer - an Erector set, the Danzig album Lucifuge; to Shade - a blue thing with things, a little bit of soul now to put you right, a mack, a car door to match the others, two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree, Allatoona (you know it), "The question is what are YOU doing here?"; to Kyle Hatcher - "Bad baloney! Bad baloney!", "Scott! Scott! You awake? Scott!...", thanks for the ae; to Wes - bottomless ae, Dud, Memphis?, a key, that girl at Tom Petty; to Charlie Thombs - some Wesley, Ben Curtis; to David Howerton - some Wesley, pickles, Krystal guy talk, some mackin', the ability to look a girl in the face; to Jasmine - some mackin', a nostril; to Eric Greenwood - a whip, fundies (for USC), some mackin', my girl problems, a rash, the Smokin' Caterpillar legacy, the name "Spanky", some

CARTOONS!, a feminist; to Dr. Drake - my gratitude and appreciation for the best class I've ever had awake or asleep, love and happiness to accompany him to Perry, Geow-jah; to Asher - a caress from the west; to Warren - a nap, a game of ping-pong, my Latin homework, purple unicorns and paisley dragons; to Todd Kemp - a metronome, the Smokin' Caterpillar legacy, a windy day, a fat groove; to Holley - a dead walrus, a touch of cynicism; to Sacha Engel - me, because I know you don't want anything else; to Sarah Phillips - some mackin', a motorcycle; to Julie Asbury - a ride in my car, bowling shoes; to Lissa - a muzzle for Jeffrey, a waffle, a song, nie ah, some mackin', the video game "Where the Hell is Carmen Sandiego?", a bond-servant; to Taylor Wray - "I liked yor wife", loud music in your den; to Garrett - Q-tips, wet-naps, Fatal Attraction, Lindsey, a Jeep that plays "Dixie", a duffle bag (not with...like hers); to Eric A. - a gate key, the Jeep (if it survives the summer), a haircut (you greaseball!), tweezers, Julie Asbury, an alarm clock, a clean record, some mackin', "Bass in your face"; to Robert H. - Spider-Woman; the second and fifth amendments for the "Sun-Roof Incident", the wonder twins, some mackin'; to Hank - California girls, Lou, some mackin', some CARTOONS!; to Matt Foster - a slice of bologna and a fig newton; to Trip - gratitude for supporting the Squid, new tires, Fatal Attraction, gummy-beary juice; to Mr. Regen - my haircut; to Martin - a moped, two words: Don Juan, Julia; to Sonny - a whimpy car; to Justin Crosslin - the mannerisms of Andrew Dice Clay to replace those you have now; to Andrew Pearson - enough hair to put in a pony-tail; to Winston

Chapman - a liberal; to Will and Derek - some cold beverages and coat hangers; to Sean Strauss - a drum set; to Ben Curtis - grundle-berries, a wrench; to Snake - some cherry tomatoes; to Gaius - a driver's manual, the sign "Danger: Slucius Ahead", the book Things Never To Throw a Soggy At; to Nick - Bambi (the movie!), a bachelor pad and video equipment; to Andrew Fitz. - "Stiff Stuff" (for his hair), Winston Chapman; to Howie Rietz - the knowledge that you can't outlive George's reputation for wild, wild living even if you do have the new Pixies album; to Shann - an enigma for you to figure out, neat hair, a pierced something-or-other. Mack on, young ones!

I, **Bo Bartholomew**, being of sound mind, body and soul, do hereby bequeath to: Paul Moser, mud for his pippen, deoderant for his stinky, and two new thumbs; Grant Seshul my good looks and speed; Jackson Wray my common sense, some good jokes, and my ability to be humble about my good grades; Joe Underwood a leash for Kathy to have tighter control; Chris Johnston all my cockiness I never used; Brent Miller my tool box and towel for his tongue; Michael Weldon my height, list of girl's phone numbers, and wrestling partner, Nick; Brian Cherrington my Biology book; John Wallace a new pair of feet; Brett Seshul my superior knowledge of chemistry I never shared with him; Brett Sanders some humility; Sonny Heiser "10 easy steps how to drive" and "how to find a date"; Roy Alley all those track practices he missed out on; Tiger Harris my phone number and a picture of my sister; John Arenal the awesome responsibility of FCA; Tom Hamling the noise-making ability of visualizing the discus; Joe

Sitton the brass shot; Andy Ward the basic 70' shot put video; William Rice my art talent he never knew about; Joey Delemos the podium on stage for public speaking and a prom date for the next two years; Eric Crawford the letter "E" to be branded on his chest; Shad Weaver my Braun electric razor; Coach Regen a new swimsuit poster and a new long-snapper; Morgan Parker the key to Park Plaza to meet Katey again and a note saying that Whitney left him; David Corts a wedding ring; Bo Sundius all the gripes about senior privileges; Randy Tidwell my heavy metal music tapes; David Frazier a book "1001 Things to Do" and a navy sailors hat; Jason Boutr- the 5 min Bible study book for next year's meetings; Mark Szydlo new sister named Laura, hair growth tonic, and a picture of Pete; Carter Baker speedo with tiger stripes; Justin Crosslin a new lunch box; Shannon Durrett the discuss slack technique and Detective Coleson's script; Breen Frazier relaxation pill for mock trial weekends; Peter Stahl a brush and comb; Greg Holyfield 2 more dollars and rubber band for future paperclip wars; Chad Bottorf pillow for Biology, Szydlo's jokes; Ryan Tyrrell; Stokes Palmer metal disc so you won't be sitton desk; Tad Wood a lifetime pass for ice-cream man; Tab Burkhalter non-stop video of Simpsons; R.A. Dickey a dog named "Lap" and a wig; Ford Simpkins charge of my little sister; Eric Ericson my car stereo with one working speaker;

Pat Hale a tan; Glenn Gaston sister to watch out for; Jim Uden all my agility and cat-like reflexes; Judd English the change of watching out for Joey; Will Bartholomew 5 more years of the best time of your life

I, **Tab Burkhalter**, at the time of writing this Last Will and Testament am temporarily verified of being of sound mind and body and thus am medically competent of being legally responsible for the following clauses and sentences. Upon arriving at MBA, I was given a pink ribbon for my long hair. I hereby divide this ribbon among any long-haired people currently enrolled or wishing to be enrolled in the near future. The only requirement for the ribbon is that the ribbon must be worn everyday and five demerits assessed for dress code violation(Handbook pg. 26 Section: Hair, Subsection 3.); To Paul Moser, I leave my bank account and my cashflow card so that you will not have to call me and borrow money. I also leave my rifle and a bullet proof vest for anybody standing around you when you shoot; To Matt Zibas, I leave you my collection of cups from the lake-house parties. I also leave you with a year's supply of wooden matches from the local participating Calhouns' restaurants; To Kyle Smithson, I leave a manual on "How to Fire and Clean a Hand Gun". I also leave you my manual on safe driving; To Brandon Hulette, I leave my knee braces and a golf cart for your own medical purposes. I

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leave you all the prewrap and medical tape I have accumulated for the past 6 years; To Chip Crossman, I leave you as legal guardian of Sandy and enough funds to provide for her many needs; To Flagg Youngblood, I leave a bottle of 365 valium, one for every day which you are president of the Service Club; To the future editors of the yearbook business staff, I leave the sanity and common sense needed to be in charge of the yearbook Business Staff. You have no common sense, if you took the job in the first place.

I, **Brian Cherrington**, being of sound mind and body bequeath the following: to David Corts a wedding ring; to Michael Weldon a trip to Guido's and a bottle of stud cologne to attract the girls and get a starting position; to Matt I leave a citation, the nickname "Machine Gun" for his Gretzky-like hockey skill, and enough CB in 4 years to fill a swimming pool; to Matt Valenti the two dollars I owe him from 8th grade; to the guys I went to Florida with a seavoyage... wow; to Johnny Bruno my hockey skill; to Brandon Shea I leave a funnel, Ashbib, and a copy of doodoo brown's latest work; to Ed Martin, some hair plaster, Destin, and procrastination before a hockey game; to Steven Hunt a clue; to Drew Patterson a stocking filled with oranges, Pez candy, artificial flowers, Martin Fox's poetry, apple stems, a MLA handbook, the *Collected Works of Thomas Mann*, and a little Borgesian humor; to Chris Johnston and Mark Szydlo a bottle of expensive cologne and a bottle opener; to Mike Anderson, Mother Goose; to Julian Bibb, the skill of Picasso; to Kevin my brother, six long, hard, but fun years.

I, **Hank Clark**, being of sound mind and body hereby bequeath the following: To Johnny Bruno, an air conditioner and a large, frothy tub of rabbit-skin glue; To Hugh Gaston, two more years of high school for "the young one"; To Anton, a "pass-and-pick-away" and a can of extra chunkysauce for next year; To Hagan, a witty comment; To Ed Martin, a spit-wad between the eyes and a fine pair

of bell bottoms; To Brian Cherrington, loads of left-handed forestry and a large, ferocious MAD DOG!; To Taylor, a teacher who knows his real name and some quality procrastination; To Seth, long, flowing hair, lovebeads, and college women; To Garrett, a seat on "her" lap during graduation; To Szydlo, a chin-sack; To Todd, a real Soup Dragons tune and a veritable cornucopia of mack; To Eric, front row-center seats for Cure, several thousand in Tower cash certificates, "I WANNA WATCH CARTOONS!", and a noble home with Ivey in Blackpool, England; To Will, college English, the eternal words "I got the blues...", hibernation, and a sunny day at Brook's; To Big Nick, a car, a weighty, brown pear, and a "G rated" movie; To Derek, stomper boots, three women to live with, and the college scene; To Alex, the classic word "Fatty", another "veiny-land" to walk on, to be All American, and an eternal "BAMFF!"; To Diego, French, a good hack, lacrosse in France, and a "soggy"; To Shan, an everlasting patience, a guarantee that high school does end, to become All American, a plane ticket to L.A., a "killer" hack, and as always "Index, man. Definitely."; To MBA, all of my parents' cash, and at least 500 dollars wasted on "haircuts"; To Coach Daugherty, double word, hammer, a family-sized tube of Jiffy-Lube, and a home full of li'l Jims; To Mrs. Paschall, a megaphone and riot helmet, a key to the new art building, and my thanks for the help and support.

I, **Warren Connally**, drawing on the fondest memories of my six (ahem) graceful years at MBA, do hereby bequeath: to Kenshin Ichikawa: a date with my sister; to Charlie Thombs: golden sunshine; to Will Brooks: the sand and the sea, the moon and the sea gull; to John Sisco: hurricanes and dragonflies aplenty; to Ben Curtis: grundle...; to Andy Russ: inspiration; to Bobby Zapf: a steady kickin foot; to Justin Robinson: Smokey Hollow cheeseburgers; to Michael Ligon: my sincere thanks; to Sean Murphy: a trusty pair of boots and adventure unending; to

Winn and Andrew: the funds; to Winston Chapman: the more appropriate name of Baba Ram Winnie, and the dollar he never lent me; to Michael Burke: a softball; to Shann: a perfect place to; to Thomas Lee: a poster of Bruce; to Zach Greenwood: sublime angst, a moonlit field in which to frolic merrily, a bag of peanuts, and the remains of a meal; to Shane Hayes: hope for the future; to Chris Kuhn: line, shape, texture, value, color, *humor*, music, etc...; to Buck Blair: appreciation of aesthetics; to whom it may concern: *Europe 72*; to, uh, everyone: thanks....



Photo by Russell Acosta

End of the year jubilation.

I, **Justin Crosslin**, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath: to John Crosslin, an indestructible truck with K.C.'s and 40X20.5 mudders and sympathy for the tree or whatever you hit, the 1600 and 3200 meter races, a camera, an el camino conquista, all the trails in the park, the cross country team along with 50,000 water balloons for camp, my Notre Dame hat, and a hair cut. To Tommy Lawrence, I leave a weeklong fishing trip on the Hiawassee, operation Farmboy, water balloon war, polish sausage, all the Del Monte stickers, A.I. cream, a sunburn, mudding in Bellevue, the Rudolph Red Nose 5K race, and my Barrons Chemistry book. To Scott Hande, a three dollar bill, a burp after eating at Ceasers, and a pair of argile socks. To David Wyckoff, all the music history tapes I don't have. To Roy Alley, new knees. To Andy Stoll, a truck with no roof, Christy Cookies, and a tug of war with a mule. To Greg Jones, Vandy basketball games. To Jennifer Farringer, a perfect per-

son like me, a complete survival kit for the golf including Cambel's soup, a challenge of Chubby Bunny, a life supply of cookie dough, a pool, a water balloon wound, and the right to call herself a hoss. To Ashley Camp, the Spanish version of "I'm too Sexy", a set of colored permanent ink markers, a truck, a day of four wheeling, a day at the Bill Goodman's gun and knife show, all the movies you haven't seen and I have, polyester dress, a day of golfing, a decorated car, and the phrase "That's gross". To Naomi Limor, a water gun, dancing lessons, a broken in hat, and a

"Huang" number and a Sports Illustrated Swimsuit calendar. To Taylor Clifton Harris III, all my academic medals and a go-cart crash into Mark Wyckoff. To Andrew Fitzgerald, a water proof backpack. To Stephen Ward, Vandy basketball season tickets. To Coach Regen, a conversation with Josh.

I, **Asher Dudley**, being of increasingly screwed up and unfortunate body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Russell Acosta, thanks for nearly strangling me to death in the 9th grade with a coat drawstring; to David Proctor, a 10mm Glock 17 with extra clips - you know what to do with it - and thanks for being able to reality, no matter how warped his vision became; to Breen Frazier, the 1993 edition of Robert Ebert's "Home Video Companion" and one year of my servitude in honor of his being one person at this school who understands both sides of going here; to Matt Foster, an earring for the other ear - one just ain't cool - and a copy of Dr. O'Dell's *How to Understand That Women Are Human Too*, plus a lifetime supply of those high-energy drink mixes he enjoys; to Giles O'Dell, the Enforcer 2000 (heh,heh), an idea for a movie that actually comes through, backstage passes for a combined Consolidated / Public Enemy/MC 900 Ft Jesus concert that will never come to Nashville, enough tolerance to spend another year in this city without committing any major crimes against our esteemed government, and any piles of insight into the world, life, and human nature that I ever happened or will happen to stumble over; to Beth Osgood, my thanks, my apologies, and a cook a thief, a wife, and her lover; to Geoff Kidney, the eventual usurpation of Flea in Chili Peppers and that little metal figure that fell off his jacket; to those who tolerated me, thanks, but you shouldn't have; to those who liked me, well, nevermind, that was your own choice.

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pool. To Carrie Crossman, a rolled car and rearranged room, a dunce hat, and a Joker card. To Brooke Brown, a real truck, free admission to the gun and knife show. To Alex Rogers, love circle hills, a new foot, a whanger, a car not wrecked, and my Calvin and Hobbs book and the like. To Brandon Hulette, some of my clothes, food, etc. To Thalia Acosta, the thought of beating "the guys" bowling. To Jill Kasselberg, white duct tape, a birthday cake, a copy of "Christmas Vacation", a license, a green hot chile pepper. To Coach Pruitt, wigwam, a water balloon war, a Cross Country Region championship shirt and team shirt, a copy of Jimmy Buffet's "Margarettville", all of my off the wall questions in class, and an arrowhead. To Randy Tidwell, a date with You Know Who to prom. To Michael Haslam, some VM, and Knights game season tickets. To Andrew Pearson, my Garth Brooks collection, a water hole to four-wheel in, a swamp, Lions, and the Spirit o'76. To Matt Zibas, a paddle boat. To James Huang, the

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

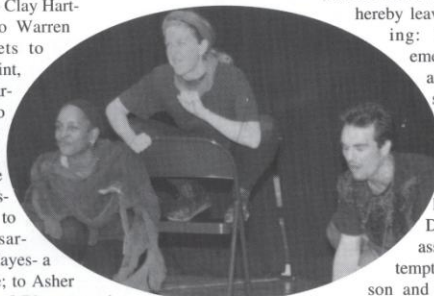
I, **Matt Foster**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby bequeath the following: to Todd Anderson and Eric Greenwood: some bologna and a fig newton. To Justin Crosslin: the Spanish version of "I'm Too Sexy". To Martin Fox: The Anarchist Cookbook, The Doors of Perception, and lots of experimentation. To Breen Frazier: atheism, and cherry NyQuil. To Tommy Lawrence: a real sport, a pool filled with wild cherry jello, and a mini-van. To Andrew Pearson: a real car, a fake pony tail, a plunger, a whip, wild cherry jello. To David Proctor: a cold frosty, a racing bike, and antidisestablishmentarianism. To Christian Puryear: an Ice-T tape and a U2 CD, 500 rolls, handcuffs, wild cherry jello, cereal, the Psycho Hose Beast, and a hollow wooden leg. To Billy Strasser: another double date. To Randy Tidwell: some clothes from a blue light special at K-Mart, and Heather Kirksey. To Brooks Martin: everlasting memory of "I love you more!" and the nickname "Blackie". To Jim Miller: a picture of Boris Karloff, and the chorus. To Mrs. Weltholter: moroseness, dandiness, the Johns' Hopkins' video, and a picture of Steve Martin. To Dr. Niemeyer: a copy of "Ferris Bueller's Day Off". To Mrs. Christeson, Mr. Lanier, Mrs. Palmore, Mrs. Hollins, Dr. Drake, Mr. Womack, and Mr. Herring: my most sincere thanks and my deepest respect for the great teaching and the inspiration you have given me.

I, **Eric Greenwood**, being of holy mind and muscle-bound body hereby bequeath the following: to Chuckles (Charlie Thombs)- a vulgar thought, a black mask and cape (rubble, rubble), and a picture of Shad; to Grant Hammond- my Grape Ape Magnet, a new sweatshirt, the ability to spell, some Count Chocula, and fish; to Andy Russ- ?; to Ben Curtis- an excuse, a fresh batch of grundleberries, and a safe ride home; to Robert Howell- God, marriage, and sympathy for the poor; to Sean Murphy- his own pair of grippers; to Andy Anderton- The entertainment section, and a Scheil; to Todd Anderson- an opinion on something,

the ability to contradict what anybody says, De Squid, bologna, and my slamming talents on stage; to David Howerton- a copy of Frederick Douglas' "My Freedom and My Bondage", a blind date (ha, ha), my safe driving, and operation Illustration; to Tom Hamling- taste in music and/or musical knowledge; to Chris Bynum- "Truckin'", and my poetry skills; to Julian Bibb- Showtimes "After Hours" Presentation, and the phrase "Shake it Off"; to Zach Greenwood- my driving skills, copies of my tapes, and tickets to the next Brady Bunch reunion; to Clay Hart- Zither lessons; to Warren Connolly- Tickets to The Dead, restraint, and soccer at Harpeeth Hall; to Hank Clark- tickets to L.A., no hair code, and the CD single for "Fascination Street"; to Stephen Bess- sarcasm; to Shane Hayes- a Coke and a smile; to Asher Dudley- Shades of Blue; to Christian Puryear- Primus; to Sean Strauss- Cure stuff; to Michael Ligon- understanding of Basic Instinct; to Nick Taylor- a CD collection, a house to spend the night at so he won't have to tell his mother he has demerits, Chem/phys labs, and Danzig; to Dr. Niemeyer- the John Hughes anthology, a copy of Madonna's Truth or Dare, and a green man; to Coach Daugherty- a ball and chain; to Shann Anderson- "The Sanity Assassin"; to Joe Sitton- Reo Speedwagon's greatest Hits; to M.B.A.- schwa; to "The Him"- Don't ever fade away.....

I, **Scott Hande**, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath the following: to Andrew Fitzgerald, an artillery barrage, a big rock to climb, Sherylin Fenn, a dead clique, some straight hair, some driving tickets, a North Face, and some squashed caterpillars; to Jason Barton, something smelly; to Will Berry, a wanker and something to make him stop wheezing all the time; to Julian Bibb, a dime to throw and a copy of Ready, Willing, and Able; to Frazier Buntin and Glenn Gaston, cross-country

camp, water balloons, and freshmen; to Winston Chapman, the official title of god-emperor, a dose of communism, my French medals, and one last ride in the charreusse mudguppy; to John Crosslin, control of the CC team, a clean locker, and some weenie bowl spittle; to Suresh Gunasekaran, a little cynicism for those afternoon classes; to Kyle Hatcher, some chicken and dumplings; to Pat Jackson, a little dance; to Bo Mixon, a bloody nose; to Sean Murphy and Andy Russ, singing lessons for their shower concerts and tips on



the finer points of card playing; to Andrew Vahrenkamp, a few French diphthongs and the Opinions section of the paper; to Sachin Vaikunth, a sack; to Barrett Rose, \$2.50 for any great bargains he may find, and the ability to misconstrue anything anyone says; to Charlie Thombs, a jug of gatorade; to Robert West, some pump-fakes and some endurance; to Mark Dunkerly, Weemo; to Dr. Crowell, my book How to Pick on Alex, with the hope that he can apply it to other students; to Mr. Elliott, some instigation; to Mrs. Hollins, Jason, Winston, and all the other bebes; to Coach Pruitt, someone to watch him (in the absence of Coach Drake) and to keep him from losing the clipboards, irritating opposing coaches etc., a dictionary with which he can: 1) make up more Pruitisms, 2) check his own spelling, and 3) look up the word phthistically.

I, **Robert Howell**, of random mind and bozaked body, do hereby bestow the following: to Bill Wilson my credit card for Shoes-R-US and my knowledge of chess; to Suresh Gunesakaran, the first half of Behdad's words and my luck with speaker awards;

to Bobby Hartman my Nietzsche library; to Zach Greenwood, the name "splinter" and money for his wedding present to Eric; to David Brooks, my shrine to Ayn Rand and the knowledge that nobody has a right to a minute of his life; to Brooks Martin the word schwa; to the new seniors, a magnifying glass and a compass; to Charles Warner, a raincoat and the song "Volcano"; and to the rest of the world the fact that they should take themselves less seriously.

I, **David Howerton**, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the following: To Dr. Niemeyer: complete and total subservience to Ferris Bueller and the video game Sonic the Hedgehog; To Mr. Dougherty: an assassination attempt on Eric Ericson and an alibi; To Mrs. O'Connell and Mrs. Christeson: a sincere thank you; To Coach Regen: a job at this school; To Dave Sifford: continued success on the mound, a new batting glove, and my collection of Looney-Toon memorabilia; To J. T. Davenport: my unparalleled prowess in lunchtime paper-football games; To Zach Greenwood: a new bean bag; To Eric Himmelfarb: an Ogle-V home perm and my Rubik's cube; To Parks Owen: high speed water-balloon chases; To Ben Corbett: dunkball, a trashcan (la Corbeille), and my ability to cheer for myself during sporting events; To Charlie Thombs: the theme song to a circus; To Monty Poe: the legacy of the mafia; To Richard Douglas: my ability to gain weight; To Mark Solesby: Some No-Doze for added energy; To Michael Burke: an entrance in Webster's dictionary under the definition of anonymous; To Winn Keathley: a book on photography, and a free pass to the Blue Oyster Bar; To Ben Callister: Something to get whatever that is out of your hair; To Mark Fuqua: a winger and the maturity level of Jack Cunningham; To Andy Anderton: my pickle

tossing ability, 101 different ways to stack, co btree, and the meaning of life; To Andrew Fitzgerald: some intimidation; To Mike Anderson: some Levi Garrett, a haircut, my title to being the "nicest guy", a life size poster of Judd, and a rake to rip someone a new #@?%!; To Ford Simpkins: a brain and a quarter to buy a clue; To Sean Murphy: The voice of Ed Macmahon; To Mark Szydlow: a never-ending workout; To Carter Baker: a job at Orkin exterminating; To Andy Stoll: five bucks for the tennis racquet; To Sonny Heiser: Holley Phillips; To Brian Cherrington: a cherry bar and some motivation; To David Cortis: a chainsaw; To John Schlansker: a more pronounceable last name; To Glenn Harris: late night Krystal runs, a job at Exxon, Halloo!!!, and all of my Legos; To Shade Murray: something to do next summer, various hair care products, fudgy or Julie Asbury, and my assorted basket of nothings; To Christian Puryear: a common ancestry and a pimento cheese sandwich with a glass of water and eight straws; To Todd Anderson: a big stack, molding mud, projectiles from the jeep, and a big mack attack; To Bo Bartholomew: a mortal sin and a guest appearance in the book of Deuteronomy; To Eric Greenwood: Operation Illustration; how to make prank calls, some poison Ivey, revocation of your drivers license, driving lessons, my entire music collection, and an Elvis autographed jar of mayonaisse; To Grant Seshul: guitar lessons, a Malibu Barbie, a trip to Alabama, and all my computer games; To Morgan Parker: a larger head, one of those things you like so much, normal music, and the plain fact that I am better than you; Finally, To Michael Weldon, . . . a Rose, fruit cocktail, a home run in home run derby, Tecmo Bowl, my good luck, a stepladder so you can see what it's like up there, Joy and Happy-ness and Bliss, and one of those extremely rare red things. Thanks!

Baptist Hospital
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
329-MD4U

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

I, Greg Jones, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Tommy Lawrence, my membership at Richland and an apostrophe; to Andy Stoll, a good mood, the Muppet Movie, a ticket to Eclectic, Alabama; to Morgan Parker, a big hat and a ride home; to David Wyckoff, the quarter I've owed him since 7th grade and my churchball starting position; to Scott Hande, some weight, a sponge, my Larry Bird fadeaway; to Roy Alley, new shocks for the Hotel Bonneville and long hair; to Alex Rogers some common sense, a Physics class to teach [I never said that - ed], a theme topic to challenge him; to Jackson Wray, a good pun or two and some skis; to Mr. Wright, some Excedrin, intestinal fortitude to follow his heart, an eggplant; to Ford Simpkins the title of Big White Boy; to Roe Elam credit for title above and a pool of still water; to Hunter Connelly my own dunkball prowess; to David Fitzgerald my second serve and slice backhand; to Charles Warner a big dog and a meeting with Mr. Poston; to Mr. Caldwell some interesting announcements to read; to Sammy Smaldone a muscle-tee and a roadmap.

I, Thomas Wright Lawrence, III, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following items: to spring break '92, I leave an el camino and some hydrocortizone cream. To the water balloon fighters, I leave some paper mache. To first period computer, I leave my Cracker Barrel spread sheet, and yes it is doing well. To Justin Crosslin, I leave a drive shaft, a healthy homecoming, all of my fishing stories, a copy of the movie Batman, Joe Sitton's medical bill for his back, a true weenie bowl victory, and all of our operations; especially Farmboy in the hopes that one day he will be able to pull it off. To Christian Puryear, I leave a large block of salt, five hundred, and a flame. To Andrew Pearson, I leave a pride of lions, some swamp land, and a new seepa. To Greg Jones, I leave my jumping ability, and an apostrophe. To Roy Alley, I leave my billiards skill and my one-on-one victories. To

David Wyckoff, I leave a date with a person of my choice. To Andy Stoll, I leave my metal fairway woods and a draw. To Chris Johnston, I leave my church ball championship ring. To Billy Strasser, I leave some divots from the bowling alley and the chips from the Spirit. To Michael

Loftin, Ookaay...you get the power of the Trooper, a Sports Illustrated swim suit calendar - especially September, and my superior Slak average. To Alex Rogers, I leave a tube of lipstick (it was Dave, I promise!). To John Schlansker, I leave the list and a non-complaining woman. To Matt Zibas, I leave a long talk and some playing cards. To Matt Foster, I leave 29 cubes of wild cherry jello and the ability to call lions late at night. To Taylor Wray, I leave a small stupid puppet and a ticket to see the guignol in France. To Scott Hande, I leave the question "What's your problem?" and the best shade of green. To James Huang, I leave my sunburn and an assignment pad. To Ryan Tyrell, I leave any help he needs in the Princeton Review help class - just call me. To Warren Connally, I leave a calculator case if I haven't given it to him already. To John Crosslin, I leave a tree, a parked car, and some straight hair. To Ben Curtis, I leave an iron fence. To D.J. Salinas, I leave control of the 1992 golf team, my superior driving distance, and the two freshmen for another year: good luck. Tommy Brown, I leave all of my completed computer programs and three hours of make-up. To Cooper Jones, I leave the ability to drive my car and a trip to Texaco. To Self Feed, I leave my hacking ability, and a date with the Russian Nut Cracker. To Stephen Bess, I leave two clicks, a paper football, and one demerit of course.

I, Shade Murray, being of... well, just being, bequeath the following: to Winston Chapman, I leave Andrew Fitzgerald, you two deserve each other; to Andrew Fitzgerald, I leave my ACLU membership, my copy of Cross-dressing as Charo and Other Favorite Pastimes by Donald Trump, and a wife

who will keep her maiden name; to Malena Salberg, I leave my inflatable Clarence Thomas doll, enrollment to Williams, and my single of "I Don't Know How to Love Him"; to Andy Anderton, I leave col-breh, Erin Jones, a future in fire announcements (think subtext and conditioning forces), and a "Get Out of Senior Year Free" card, to Julie Asbury, I leave fudgy-fudge, Holley's bedroom (the Phillips are mailing the adoption papers soon), and the swimming scene in A Room With a View; Sarah Phillips a ray of sunshine, and



two years more with the Fox; to Zachary Skipper, I leave shoe polish, Destin in '94, and a key to the Chi Omega house at Ole Miss (where's the bathroom?); to Benjamin Purser, I leave a leading role (good for three weeks or the first 300 lines, whichever comes first) to Martin Fox, I leave a car, a Fox/English-English/Fox dictionary, and a wild weekend in Niagara Falls with Uta; Julia Harrison shall get blinking road blocks, gifilta fish, no more deadlines and bundt cake; to Ben Nimmo, I leave a girl like Tamera (the real one's taken, sorry); to Scott Hande, I leave the Green Monster, a horse in striped pajamas, and baloney, tigers, and Mrs. Bowers; to Kara Emerson, I leave a man, 4, and the honorary Miss Mule Day title (don't worry, there is no understudy); to Trip McLaughlin, I leave some id,

my healthy lungs, a friendly neighborhood Perkins; to Carrie Crossman, I leave a prom date in February and everything shiny and happy; to Nancy Wright, I leave proper prom footwear and a purple gorilla; to Holley Phillips, a mac (make it a big mac), good night a-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding, and the leading role opposite Barry Manilow in Grease 3; to David Howerton, I leave a stack and a chili pup (breakfast o' champions); to Garrett Kyle, I leave Lindsey (what a cutie!), Buckley's "attribute", sockets, and a free dinner (at my house, wear a tie); to Todd Anderson, I leave some wet-naps (wipe your face) and some aloe vera (to heal the wounds) Everything else that I leave to Todd, he can just leave at the border (what did you expect?!? Allentoonia ???); to Taylor Wray, I leave a stogie ('cause we're the guys!); to Mrs. Welhoelter, I leave a door; and to the Paschalls, Mr. Womack, Mr. Wright, and Mrs. Palmore, I leave my thanks for making my stay at Montgomery Bell a little more pleasant and worth while. "I don't like shoes that pinch your toes or people who squirt you with the garden hose but mmmmm!!! I like onions." - Henrik Ibsen

I, Morgan Parker, do hereby leave as my last will and testament the following things to: Jackson Wray: a tuxedo for his wedding to Molly. A false point of mine which he can't prove wrong, a picture of my car to remember his car by while at school, a Picture of my den where he first met MOLLY!; Grant Seshul: some real.teva's, a fake id for HH cops, coordination to go along with his strength and speed; David Howerton: the man with the most nicknames, A FU MAN CHU, a tennis racquet to remember when he was better than me, a girlfriend who the SIMPLETON will not take away, the crown for king in home run derby; Bo Bartholomew: a sense of social - awareness, A "real" idea which might actually be fun, A real man's physique, the award for the most dates with the most different girls, the award for the most involved boy in everybody's life; Greg Jones: some strength, speed, vertical

jump to go along with his coordination, The MVP of dunkball, The best 5th man in tennis; Andy Stoll: A TV to take to college so he wont get lonely, A time where we actually could fight not just push each other, a sense of dedication to practice something other than sitting and watching TV; Roy Alley: the Award for the comeback player of the year, a real sport: tennis, a new air conditioning which I never did break, a pack of toilet paper which I never used to roll his house; Hunter Connelly: a pair of elbow pads to protect my cuz next year, a great roommate at Sewanee, a ability to out wit-think- debate-and wrestle Jackson, the award for the laziest man on spring break; Brent Miller: the crown for most made fun of boy in lunch football, the most perfect boy to give Back rubs!; Mark Szydlo: the funniest guy on campus award, a transplant of my hair next fall when finally after 18 long adolescent years all his hair falls out; Derek Van Mol: A new Landau, the remembrance of the Brentwood nights, the courage to keep his basketball career going; Scott Hande: some muscle, a mean bone in his body, a rebellious attitude against his parents; David Wyckoff: The title "The Eternal Pine Brother"; David Fitzgerald: All the tennis he can stand (5 mins.) A real debate partner, all of my notes to copy, a new golf cart so he can practice pressing the gas pedal, the Tennis racquet which I have now borrowed for 3 years; John Wallace: A pair of feet which do not hurt, a new laugh, A sea island trip which I can actually go on, the title of "the tallest Skinniest champion fisherman whose feet always hurt after drinking orange juice;" Sam Smaldickey: a sense of humor which normal people can understand, the district and region title in tennis, a chance of qualifying for the nationals this year; Mark Fuqua: as my last punishment a black eye, a sixth sense to know when his locker will be shut with the lock already locked; Parks Owen: a fake Id for after HH dances; Whitney: An apology for all the bad time and a thank you for all the good ones, All of my love.

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

I, **Andrew Pearson** being of sound mind and swamp-like body do hereby bequeath: To Christian Puryear: My car (and be forced to drive it); a blowtorch; some toilet paper; a 5 year old box of Mr. Phipps Pretzels; a jacket; some salt; a bad copy of the MBA Christmas Concert; the reassurance that Rice is only a couple of hours away; the phrase "Shake This Off, Buddy!"; my half of the Moron Twin nickname so you can be a complete moron; various broken bones and a plane ticket so your dad can fly in and vacuum your room. To Tommy Lawrence: a lock for your car window; a twelve-foot water balloon launcher and 10,000 balloons; 500 rolls and some newspaper; some stupid nicknames; a muddy truck; an El Camino and a Pinto; a whip and a chair; a really tall putter; a flounder; and a new car paint job (3 parts flour, 2 parts water, and 1 part toilet paper). To Justin Crosslin: a 4-wheel' machine; a singer for your group; a cookie; a real hat; a special shampoo that reduces hat-hair; a big water balloon; a big enough bag to carry all your school stuff; a neon lunchbag so you can find it easier; some Gushers and other assorted break-type food; a racquetball racquet; a lamprey; some shoe polish; some egg repellent and a deck of cards with all jokers. To John Crosslin: the knowledge that you have one more year; a ticket to drive in a demolition derby; some mud; and some grape Gatorade. To Michael Loftin: a cabinet that you can open and close at your leisure; some magazines for biology; and a back brace for help to carry your backpack around.. To Bartley McGehee: a bar fly, a Nutcracker and a life. To Sonny Heiser: a crash helmet and a big poster of Super Dave. To Jim Miller: the wisdom to choose baritone over second tenor; a digital watch; and some obnoxious shirts. To Brian Camp: the ability to sing without having a goofy expression on your face. To Myr Wilson: a years supply of tacky socks; a hypercolor t-shirt; a guide to being an obnoxious sophomore and the thought that you have three more years. To

David Hofstetter: my assorted Macintosh utilities and about ten disks worth of games; a time on the track and an 18 foot long jump. To Andrew Vahrenkamp: the head of the group of so called track workers; a beat up old pick up truck with a camper on it and a stopwatch. To Alex Rogers: an alarm clock that goes "Bzzt...Bzzt...Bzzt!". To Asher Dudley: that you be shot by a duck; a date with Janet and Frankenfurter; a Whitney Houston tape; a hair cut; some tan Duck Heads; some loafers and a hat with no character. To Billy Strasser: the Spirit-O-'76; a long jump

to John Crosslin the finest barbecue pig feet in Spring Hill, Tenn; to Alan Sundell the fur off my back; to Barrett Rose a comb to keep the hair out of his eyes and a piece of advice: watch out for mud. To any unfortunate soul with first period study hall my top ten activities to do before coming to school; to Sanjay Shenai the rest of my fashionable shirts and an organized collection of my dance pictures; to Billy Strasser his own personal showing of Basic Instinct and 70 bucks to go with it; to Trevor Hegort my as yet undiscovered lacrosse skills; to Eric Greenwood and Todd Anderson the bologna residue

a stud blossom, operation yes sir and break the stick man, my bowling average of 50, a show and tail, a booklet entitled It's O.K. to be a Yankee, and a Deja Vu catalog, and Ford Simpkins and Aaron Norman can fight over the rest.

I, **Grant Seshul**, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: To Jackson Wray, a nerf lacrosse ball, and secondly a new couch for the sun room, because the old one is still smokin'; To Michael Weldon, a tummyciser, and a nice big cup of fruit cocktail; To Carter Baker, a book of rhymes, and a huge trophy,

Randy Tidwell: If anyone wants anything from me, just find my house and you shall have it.

I, **Joe Underwood**, being of sound mind and body, leave the following: to Mike Anderson the hopes of dating my girlfriend and my #11 jersey; to R.A. Dickey a clam, the ability to read the tackle on an option play, the freedom to do what he wants on a basketball court 'cause its showtime, a great senior year, and the best of luck in everything he does; to Andy Ward, the desire to eat 20 ribs (and everything else in the restaurant while you are in Memphis) and the love of baseline work with Coach Thoni and Coach Forehand; to Andy Barratt a new woman that won't do you wrong, corn pudding, and the best of luck in basketball; to Ben Corbett, the luck of getting to shoot the basketball while R.A. is in the game; to Will Coles #50, a uniform that will fit, and the ability to hold your own in the paint for the next three years; to Jim Uden, a better senior year and spring break, and a golden delicious apple from Washington; to Parks Owen a pair of boxers so he won't have to wear panties under his football uniform; to Bo Mixon, a Mickey Mouse watch; the Phil Hill, a pack of starburst; to Alex Dean, Art History; to David Brown, the fun of driving to and from South Nashville and MBA while assembling the LEGO castle.

I, **Michael Wheldon**, Being of profound mind and superior intellect hereby leave the following: to Mike Anderson a free pass to the place where every girl is Solid Gold; to Howie.....a girl?; to Brian Cherrington-Miss Chaos; to J.T. Davenport a new pair of shinguards; to David Corts-the mystical ways of Mr. Bacca; to Boom Boom Patterson-the ability to become ambidexterous; to Chuckles-a more threatening appearance; to Clinton Russell-a meat pack for his eye and the theme song to Rocky; to

Please see next page . . .



Photo by Justin Crosslin

Pressing onward . . .

in my front yard; to Chip Crossman my ling legacy and the knowledge that toilet paper comes in cycles; to Andrew Pearson a steel cage for his lion, a whip and a chair, white man dancing lessons, the Sears Spring Catalog, a Supercuts gift certificate, and a beautiful home in the swamps; to David Howerton a common ancestor and Sarah Phillips; to Tommy Lawrence Josh's personal phone number for lonely nights, a real man's minivan, the guts to watch a horror movie, a stuffed flounder, the secret to Jill's desire, and I'll spot him 100,000 on Mrs. Pac-Man; to Matt Zibas Sloppy; to Richard Boswell all the toilet paper he promised me, M.D., two dozen roses, and a long talk; to Randy Tidwell Heather Kirksey; to Michael Haslam ordinary household bleach; to Justin Crosslin 500,

I, **CHRISTIAN PURYEAR**, after having served six years on the hill do donate the following: to Stephen Hunt a light blue, horns on the hood, flames on the side, b..... cammaro; to Myr Wilson his own personal soundette for future proms; to Marshall Kirksey the 8.1 gene and my six year collection of duck heads; to Stuart Smart the perfect Slick Weasel set up along with absolute control over the I.C. volleyball squad;

of listenable music, and the last word on anything; To Morgan Parker, basement stairs on which to learn the alphabet, a hair cut, and a hat that fits; To David "Washee" Howerton, a bunch of chores, my bowling techniques, and a large supply of small poultry; To David Corts, a second science fair project report, a loud S. Hunters Ho!, and the brotherhood of the Triumverate; To Brett Seshul, some "sacrilege"; To Joseph Sitton, a herculean body; To Bruce, I mean Tad Wood, a crazy woman; To Greg Jones, a rich woman that he can learn to love; To Barrett Rose, a comb for his lush hair; To Parkes Owen, a bunch of rides home, and a good radio station; To Mark Fuqua, a nice locker door holder; To Ward Walmeth, a book on how to find girls on the ski slopes.

Good Luck to the Class of 1992

From Alex Rogers, Editor-in-Chief

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

Brett Sanders-a picture of me to put next to Fran at night; to Ray Brooks-a penny; to David Frazier-a little bit of strength; to Morgan Parker-a head shrinker and a promise to take care of Whitney while he is gone; to Glenn Gaston-a nice juicy steak in the middle of wrestling; to Bo(Sam) Bartholomew-a funny joke; to Grant Seshul - Capt. Smith's autograph; to Jackson Wray-a little bit of relaxation; and to the rest of the Junior class - another 10-0 season.....See Ya!!!!

I, **Tad Wood**, being of unexplainable mind and dry body do hereby Bequeath the following items; to Joe Sittin I leave fun next year as an MBA lineman and the knowledge that some things can never be beaten, to Winston Chapman I leave a tummysizer, to Peter Stahl a pair of crutches that he will hopefully never need, to Stokes Palmer I leave another year of fun at defensive end, to Clinton Russel an icepack, to Johnathan Spencer I leave a bottle of Revlon conditioner and a new comb, to Dan Pirtle I leave a passing grade in something, to R.A. Dickey I leave an intimidating face for all sports, to Charlie Thombs I leave some pictures of Karen, to Mr. Herring I leave a copy of *Saturday Night Fever* and some mousse for his beard, to Mr. Gaither I leave him the very thing that I first met him with: THE FEAR OF ENSWORTH, to Austin Koon I leave a beach or something soft that he can fall in, and to Parks Owen I leave a hot dog and a path to follow on I-40 west.

I, **Seth Robertson**, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath an Onyx Essex Tuxedo and a Spanish rock for tossing to Michael Loftin; a Bronco II to Sonny Heiser; a pair of concrete shoes to Shade Murray; a book with plenty of marginal notes to Greg Jones; a better sense of humor to Jackson Wray; my excellent senior leadership and athletic qualities to Kavi Paruchuri, Michael Burke, and Suresh Gunesakaran; plenty of notebook paper to Monte Poe; and a wide array of wildlife ties to Coach Dougherty.

I, **Charles Jackson Wray**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Roy Farmer Alley, a green thumb; To Bo Bartholomew, a "shocking" joke, fifty female friends (one in each state), the couch in his father's study, and the suggestion that his next name change be to a polysyllabic appellation; To Hunter Connolly, several valuable photographs of the rare Gygi bird and one delicious pecan pie of his very own; To David Corts, a chimp; To Eric Ericson, better luck in the future against Pong masters of my caliber; To David Frazier, a \$50,000 wrestling match/debate with Sonny Heiser; To Scott Hande, *un haricot vert* which bears an eerie resemblance to him; To Sonny Heiser, money for more ski lessons; To David Howerton, the Guinness records for most nicknames and for most chores of any person in the civilized world; To Greg Jones, the painful knowledge that I had him by the throat but mercifully let him win the last tennis match we ever played; To Garrett Kyle, editorship of next year's annual; To Shade Murray, a small patch of Eternal Darkness that shall hover above him all the days of his life; To Morgan Parker, a bunch of frozen bananas, a foolproof/head-shrinking kit, and a long-lost love in Baltimore; To Alex Rogers, two questions, the direct proportionality of b to b [editor's note: I never said that], and denial of any and all dumb comments he has ever made; To John Schlansker, an absurd last name and an "Amrrrk!"; To Grant Seshul, many a black eye and other "accidental" injuries; To Behdad Shashavari, an even more ridiculous surname and a book on sneaky signaling techniques during mock trial competitions; To Andy Stoll, the harsh reality that I will always be taller than him, even if he grows to be 6'8"; To Michael Weldon, plenty of milk for a growing boy along with an endless supply of fruit cocktail; To M. *le malfaisant* (Taylor) Wray, our tarnished family name the consequence of his own dark nature.

I, **Billy Strasser**, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following; to Russell Acosta, a nickname he doesn't already have, a lifetime supply of Mott's, and the wisdom not to pull over in the turning lane; to Mr. Gaither, the ashes of my Latin I book; to Lee Hampton, my ability to get out of school for 4-H athletics; to Michael Haslam and Barrett Rose, a hearty "Dougghhh!"; to Mr. Dog, a litter; to Winston Chapman, a Pillsbury Doughboy doll; to Brett Seshul, my golf game; to the Joker, Swamper, Russ and Christian the spirit of 76; to Ben the wish that they all could be California girls; and to MBA, my thanks.

I, **David Wyckoff**, being of sound mind and not as swift as I'd like body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Coach Rundberg, a CD of atonal music; to Coach Pruitt,

Bradshaw; to Mr. Herring, the book *Herring's Guide to "Isms"*, the CD *Saturday Night Fever*, and a hearty "DadGum!"; to Mark Dunkerly, a date to Harpeth Hall's prom; to Mark Wyckoff, my car Leatherface, the right to totally demolish all my PR's in cross-county and track, and rights to the nickname "Big Wyck"; to ToeJam, 3 years of improvement in track and cross-country; Hang in there!; to Kenneth Pruitt, my sympathy; to Myr Wilson, a decent haircut and that varsity locker you've always wanted; to Mark Hardison, Bradley Sloan, Jason Barton, and Geoff Zimmerman, fun in the 800 and all my (snicker) speed; to Barrett Rose, the owner of a pair of muscular legs; to Robert West, two more dominating years in track; to John Crosslin, a double-bacon, and a hearty "Hey!"; to Andrew Fitzgerald, a passenger side airbag so

call, and good luck in cross-country at Emory; to Martin F o x , "ARRRRGGGGHHHH!"; to Breen Frazier, a shrine for worshipping Bacchus; to David Frazier, a cricket; to Pat Hale, a FRANTastic day; to Scott Hande, the burden of four more years of school with me; to Sonny Heiser, car and life insurance and my prayers; to Greg Jones, a vertical leap of more than two inches; to Tom Lawrence, a hard basketball foul; to Brent Miller, a banana; to Shade Murray, a haircut and my thanks for making my life a little crazier; to Morgan Parker, a long-sleeved T-shirt so he won't sweat on anyone ever again in basketball; to Andrew Pearson, a videotape of the movie *Swamp-Chicken Goes to Africa* and a stuffed lion; to Christian Puryear, 500!; to Alex Rogers, the ability to ask a meaningful question in a science class; to Brett Sanders, a pin; to Behdad Shashavari, a T-shirt with "Go to ClueMart!" on the back; to John Wesley, a muzzle for Puppy; to Jackson Wray, a funny joke; to all at MBA, my eternal gratitude for six memorable years!

I, **Alex Rogers**, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: to Will Berry, a new computer, a new building, and my best wishes with the paper next year; to Justin Crosslin, a prosperous running career at Emory and a motor vehicle that your brother cannot break, to John Wesley, my thanks for your effort this year - the paper would not have come out without you; to Jackson Wray, a pun worthy of you; to Scott Hande, a pair of water resistant gloves and a tape of the theiving song; to John Wallace, thanks for being a friend for 13 years; to the senior class, my thanks for being the best group a person could go through school with; to my teachers over the course of the last four years, my appreciation for everything you have given me - both in the classroom and out; to Westfield Academy, the hope that it will be worthy of Dr. Drake; and to Montgomery Bell Academy, I leave another glorious 125 years!



photo by Justin Crosslin

The class of '92 will leap into the future at their respective colleges.

my silly foot/hip/groin/knee/shins/metatarsal ligaments/ankle/heel, the right to abuse my brother in track and cross-county for another three years, and a hearty "Yo!"; to Coach Lanier, a can of Poppycock and a lifetime supply of colored chalk for his picktchas; to Coach Owen, many thanks for encouraging me to do my best in track; to Dr. Gaffney, a picture of our AP Latin class; to Dr. Drake, my thanks for six years of advice and good luck in making your new school the best it can be; to Dr. Neergaard, a steady wind to sail by; to Dr. Crowell, daily interruptions of your honors class by Mrs.

I can ride with you; to Glenn Gaston, a broken pane of glass and a good taping by the x-country class o' '95; to Flagg Youngblood, Bartley McGehee, Adam Solesby, and all the other sad souls on the *Bell Staff*, "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"; to Chris Trabue, the knowledge that I really am faster than he is in the 400; to Russell Acosta, my pizza crust; to Roy Alley, the ability to keep his hair in perfect order even while running the 1600; to Ron Cantrell, a pencil stuck in the back of your neck for all the times you poked me in CSAP; to Justin Crosslin, a Chimichonga, a Bear's Bahonkas, a Sadie

Congratulations to all sports teams for their outstanding results this season!

OPINIONS

Debate's Huge Financial Burden

Robert Howell

During the past four years, support for MBA's debate program has dramatically increased. Dr. Paschall and the Board of Trust deserve much thanks for the financial aid given to the program that has furthered our success. Last year the school paid for transportation and housing for the top team's trip to the nationals, the aid of college debater Allen Covrstone was employed, and other benefits were granted to the team. The Southern Bell Forum was funded for its tenth year, and the success of the team has continued to skyrocket. These successes show no signs was abating.

Despite these bright days for the program, some vital needs are still being neglected. The expenses of debate extend beyond the costs that most perceive. Most individuals who aspire to success attend summer programs that range in tuition up to two thousand dollars. This is clearly an expense that is freely chosen, yet a student wishing to achieve to team status will almost inevitably suffer for it. The costs that are intrinsic to being on the top team at MBA are those that the school should help alleviate.

These expenses which include hotel bills, transportation fees, and food are incurred by the weekend travel that debating at a national level necessitates. For the top team, hotel fees are around forty dollars per debater per week-end while transportation generally costs around \$150 per plane flight to major

tournaments. At these tournaments, fifty dollars is spent on food in small cities, more in larger locales such as Chicago.

The top team at MBA encounters such costs frequently. This year I have flown to five or six tournaments in major cities, and have debated at over twenty tournaments as half of MBA's top team. Though my schedule is atypically strenuous, it is not much different from most top team agendas. These expenses can become unbearable.

Multiple problems arise from this financial burden other than the gradual economic drain on current families of other top teams. The debate team becomes more elitist because of the need for financial status, and this trend is apparent on the national circuit. This financial burden proves crippling for some families, and talent is sometimes prevented from blossoming because of a lack of funds. Some debaters must settle for a lower rank on the team simply because their economic status does not equal other teammates'. Situations such as these should not occur for any school sponsored activity. Extra-curricular programs offered by the school should be open to all students regardless of financial status. Additionally, such large personal cost should not be incurred by families of debaters who represent the school in an activity that brings the school national recognition.

Unlike football, debate is not a direct income source

for the school, but its other benefits are every bit as important. The team achieves a reputation of national caliber with other high schools as well as with colleges. Many universities hold Montgomery Bell Academy in high regard as direct result of the debate teams success. Most importantly, debate develops the mind better than any other activity I have ever encountered. The advantages to be gained from the debate program should not be compromised because of the large financial burdens placed upon participating students.

Many solutions could be offered, but the most obvious (and feasible) would be for the school to pay for the travel expenses of the top team. During my four years on the national circuit, I have noticed that the teams funded in this manner produce success after success. These teams are not only successful, but also egalitarian, and therefore disparate. Despite past successes, the debate team can rise to even more lofty perches. This future should not be jeopardized because some students lack travel funds.

[Editor's note: Robert Howell and his partner, Behdad Shahsavari, won the Glenbrook South Invitational Tournament in Chicago this year. By winning this tournament, Rob and Behdad firmly established themselves as one of the top five teams in the nation. Please note that because Rob is graduating, he will gain no material advantage from this article.]

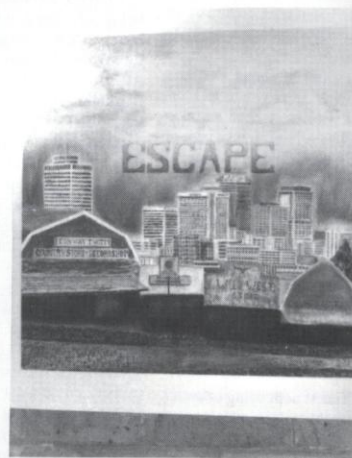


photo by Russell Accosta

Four Years on the Hill

Scott Hande

With graduation rapidly approaching, most seniors grow excited in anticipation of finally moving on from MBA. But commencement is also a time of reflection for the graduating class. Looking back, we can now begin to become aware of all that MBA has given to us and all that it has meant to be an MBA student.

Above all else, MBA has been a place of scholastics. We have learned a lot over four years, whether we like to admit it or not. We have all dealt with workloads that at times seemed near impossible, and we have all encountered times when it seemed we would never graduate. Over the course of some 2000 themes, the class as a whole has struggled to master the MBA guidelines for formal writing. We've battled numerous term papers, a bundle of science labs, and more handouts and homework problems than any of us would care to remember. Although often overwhelmed and frustrated by these academic demands, I can look back on every class I've taken at MBA with the feeling that I have gained something from it. Nor am I alone. MBA certainly deserves its reputation as being one of the finest high school academic institutions in the South.

MBA athletics have also offered us a great deal. Since the school is a small one with a large number of athletic programs, everyone can participate in a sport. Yet, despite the small student population, the school is consistently competitive (and frequently dominant) in every sport. MBA athletics have been wonderful on a more personal level, too, by developing the bodies, skills, and attitudes of those who participate. Other extracurriculars are equally important at MBA. Through clubs or programs for art, drama, chorus, band, forensics, fellowship, and community service, our senior class has been able to pursue their varied interests.

Although MBA is an institution known for its demand for discipline, most of us have managed to have a good time here. Small class sizes have built a sense of camaraderie, and we have made some friends for life. We can all look back over our high school years and recall events which we will remember forever. I appreciate MBA because it has given me more than a top rate high school education. It has offered me all the activities and, more importantly, the friendships that have made my four years here the best of my life.

A Notice to Senior Parents:

If you have not yet picked up your copy of the senior class photo (the one on the front page), they are in the office in the Ball Building.

If you have not purchased a copy of the photo, and wish to do so, the price is \$35. You may order a copy by calling Skipworth Studios at 320-5432.

The Senior Class thanks the faculty and administration for four wonderful years at M.B.A.

SPORTS

M.B.A. Sports: The Year in Review

John Wallace

Last year, at graduation, MBA said goodbye to one of the better athletic classes to have graced its halls in many years, and many people wondered if the following year's class could fill such big shoes.

The MBA athletic year opened in the fall of 1991 with cross-country, golf, and football leading the way. In football, once again, Coach Tommy Owen did a masterful job of leading the team to another outstanding year. After a disappointing jamboree at the end of the summer, the Big Red went on the road to play class AAAA Kentucky powerhouse, Warren Central, where the Big Red emerged victorious over the Dragons 21-13 in a close game. They then returned home to beat the district favorite Overton Bobcats 16-10 on a very special night in MBA history.

It was on this night that MBA dedicated the stadium to Coach Owen for his many years of wonderful service to the school and the community. Inspired, the team travelled to Cleveland, the second ranked team in the state, where the Big Red upended the highly touted Raiders 13-10. It was these first three wins that set the tone for the rest of the season. The team finished the regular season an outstanding 10-0-0 and District 11-AAA champions for the second consecutive season, and 11-1-0 overall.

Continuing in its own winning ways, the cross-country team once again had an outstanding season. Under the leadership of Coaches Pruitt, Drake, and Rundberg, the team went 6-0 in District 11-AAA dual meets. The team also performed well in the bigger meets; coming in ninth in the Tennessee Classic, fourth in the A. F. Bridges, and first in the Galatin Invitational. It was no surprise, therefore, that the team also ran to a District 11-AAA championship, and, for the eleventh straight year, the Region 6-AAA champion-

ship before coming in a disappointing, though nonetheless impressive, ninth in the State.

Likewise, the Big Red golf team turned in an outstanding scorecard. The golfers produced a 13-2 overall record while going 6-0 in District competition, and becoming both District and Region champions before placing seventh in the State tournament, only five shots out of third.

As winter rolled around and the fall season winded down to a close, basketball, wrestling, and swimming took over the spotlight. The winning, however, didn't stop with the arrival of cold weather. Basketball, led by Coach Joe Thoni, had a very successful season. The senior-laden team rode their hard work and winning attitude to a 23-8 record (second most wins in MBA history) and the District 11-AAA regular season and tournament championship before losing a disappointing game to Glencliff in the first round of the regional tournament.

The season was punctuated by emotional wins over Father Ryan, Hillsboro, and Baylor; not to mention the close loss to state powerhouse Columbia Central. The loss of large senior contingent on the team leaves the rest of the team an interesting challenge for next year.

Wrestling also had a successful season, taking a very inexperienced team to a very successful record and a third place finish in the region. From the region MBA sent several wrestlers to the state tournament in Chattanooga. Among those wrestlers who went to the tournament were seniors David Frazier, Brett Sanders, Sonny Heiser, and Sam Bartholomew.

Swimming and riflery, likewise, turned in strong performances. The swim team, with the help of Kozi Kozomara, our Yugoslavian friend, swam to a Region title and an impressive seventh

place finish in the State meet. Riflery also contributed to the athletic success with their second place finish in the state. Charlie Nichols successfully defended his state championship that he won for the first time last year.

With the dawning of spring, came a new athletic season composed of the sports track, soccer, baseball, and tennis. Baseball at the time of this article has over twenty wins and came in second in the district and is playing in the Region finals against their district rival, Overton. Once again wins over rival Father Ryan highlighted another great season on the diamond.

Track season also provided excitement as the team came in second in the City and third in the Region meet. From the Region, the Big Red sent three athletes to the State meet: Robert West in the decathlon (who ended up garnering an incredible third place finish), Sam Bartholomew in the discus, and Carter Baker in pole vault.

Once again, Mr. Lanier's soccer team also produced much excitement. Despite a record number of ties, five, went on to a record of 8-2-5 and the District championship. At the time of this article, in fact, the team is scheduled to play McGavock in the Region finals. Finally, to round out the year in sports, one must notice the ever successful tennis team. At the time of this article they are in the semi-finals of the State tournament after yet another District and Region championship.

As one can see this year's class more than proved that they are at least as good as the previous years class when it comes to athletics, and once again MBA will be a very strong contender for the Pepsi All-Sports Trophy. If won this will be the first time that a school has won the trophy for a second consecutive year.

The 20 win Plateau

Will Berry

After a trip to Cocoa Beach, Florida during spring break, the team returned to Nashville ready to begin a twenty-four game schedule of tough district and non-district opponents. The team opened its season with a 12-0 victory over Pearl-Cohn and then edged Franklin High 5-4. The Big Red then suffered its first loss of the season 9-7 at Lipscomb, in a rain-plagued game halted after only five innings. The team then rebounded to shutout district rival Hillwood, 5-0. After a 6-3 loss in subarctic temperatures to Overton, the M.B.A. defeated Whites Creek 20-0 and split a double-header with McCallie in Chattanooga.

The Big Red Machine then hit all cylinders, reeling off an eight-game winning streak with victories over Hillsboro, Pearl-Cohn, Brentwood High, Dickson County, Ryan, and out-of-state teams Glasgow High from Kentucky and Park Tudor High from Indiana. After suffering a second disappointing loss to Lipscomb, the team rebounded by edging district rivals Hillwood and Ryan, 4-2 and 4-3, respectively.

In its biggest game of the year up to that point,

M.B.A. lost a heartbreaker to Overton, 5-4 in eight innings. The Big Red finished out the regular season by thumping Whites Creek and Hillsboro, placing a strong second with a 10-2 district record. M.B.A. opened the district tournament by defeating Whites Creek for the third time, 10-0. After thrashing Ryan by the same score, the Big Red lost again to Overton, 5-4. The Big Red Machine came back strong and pulled out a 6-4 win over Hillsboro to earn a berth in the regional tournament.

In the finals, M.B.A. lost to Overton for the fourth time, 7-2. On May 13, the Big Red took on McGavock, the District 12-AAA champion, and won 10-1. In the regional final, M.B.A. will play Overton for the fifth time. Representing M.B.A. on the all-district team were catcher Mike Anderson, first baseman Brent Miller, second baseman John Schlansker, third baseman David Howerton, and centerfielder Glenn Harris. R.A. Dickey was named the tournament's most valuable player. Under the guidance of coaches Forehand, Forehand, and Woolsey, the team has a 20-7 record and high hopes of a trip to the state tournament.



photo by Justin Crosslin

M.B.A.'s All-American: Alex Dean

A note from the sports editor, John Wallace:

Due to technical difficulties, as sports editor of *The Bell Ringer* I must apologize for the absence of both a soccer article and a tennis article. The accomplishments of these teams do not go unnoticed. The soccer team has captured the district title and

is playing in the region finals at the time of this article. Likewise, the tennis team has been very successful in capturing both the district and region titles, and is in the process of playing in the state tournament. Once again, I apologize.

COLLEGE CHOICES

<u>Russell Acosta</u> Catholic University	<u>Eric Crawford</u> Georgia	<u>David Howerton</u> Kenyon	<u>David Proctor</u> Vanderbilt	<u>Mark Szydlo</u> University of Tennessee
<u>Roy Alley</u> University of North Carolina	<u>Justin Crosslin</u> Emory	<u>James Huang</u> Washington University	<u>Christian Puryear</u> SMU	<u>Nick Taylor</u> Morehouse
<u>Todd Anderson</u> Loyola Chicago	<u>Paul Devgan</u> Purdue	<u>John Inman</u> University of the South	<u>William Rice</u> Washington University	<u>Randy Tidwell</u> Oglethorpe
<u>Carter Baker</u> University of Tennessee	<u>Asher Dudley</u> Emerson	<u>Chris Johnston</u> Georgetown	<u>Seth Robertson</u> University of Virginia	<u>Ryan Tyrrell</u> Brown
<u>Bo Bartholomew</u> Davidson	<u>Roe Elam</u> University of the South	<u>Greg Jones</u> University of Virginia	<u>Alex Rogers</u> Duke University	<u>Joe Underwood</u> University of the South
<u>Jarratt Bell</u> Washington and Lee	<u>Eric Ericson</u> SMU	<u>Vlado Kozomara</u> Lawrence	<u>Tyler Roper</u> University of the South	<u>Matt Valenti</u> University of Tennessee
<u>Chad Bottorff</u> University of the South	<u>David Fitzgerald</u> Washington and Lee	<u>Garrett Kyle</u> Williams	<u>Brett Sanders</u> University of Virginia	<u>Derek Van Mol</u> Charleston
<u>Braxton Bradley</u> Denver	<u>Matt Foster</u> Boston University	<u>Tommy Lawrence</u> Richmond	<u>John Schlansker</u> Indiana University	<u>John Wallace</u> University of the South
<u>Ray Brooks</u> Emory	<u>Martin Fox</u> Rhodes	<u>Michael Loftin</u> Belmont	<u>Brett Seshul</u> Samford	<u>Shad Weaver</u> Princeton
<u>Tab Burkhalter</u> University of Virginia	<u>Breen Frazier</u> Northwestern	<u>Trip McLaughlin</u> Year Off - Alaska	<u>Grant Seshul</u> Auburn	<u>Michael Weldon</u> University of Tennessee
<u>Chris Bynum</u> Denver	<u>David Frazier</u> United States Naval Academy	<u>Brent Miller</u> University of the South	<u>Malcolm Sewell</u> University of the South	<u>John Wesley</u> Yale
<u>Ron Cantrell</u> Johns Hopkins	<u>Graham Goodloe</u> Undecided	<u>Paul Moser</u> Vanderbilt	<u>Behdad Shahsavari</u> Duke University	<u>Tad Wood</u> University of Mississippi
<u>Bryan Cherrington</u> Washington University	<u>Eric Greenwood</u> South Carolina	<u>Shade Murray</u> Northwestern	<u>Kyle Smithson</u> University of Tennessee	<u>Jackson Wray</u> Dartmouth
<u>Hank Clark</u> Pomona	<u>Patrick Hale</u> SMU	<u>Ben Nimmo</u> Pomona	<u>Andy Stoll</u> Washington University	<u>Taylor Wray</u> Kenyon
<u>Warren Connally</u> University of Tennessee	<u>Scott Hande</u> Princeton	<u>Morgan Parker</u> Cornell	<u>Billy Strasser</u> SMU	<u>Matt Zibas</u> University of Tennessee, Martin
<u>Hunter Connelly</u> University of the South	<u>Glenn Harris</u> University of the South	<u>Drew Patterson</u> University of Tennessee	<u>Greg Stuart</u> Undecided	
<u>David Corts</u> University of Tennessee	<u>Sonny Heiser</u> Richmond	<u>Andrew Pearson</u> Colorado School of Mines		
	<u>Rob Howell</u> University of Iowa			

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE TRACK TEAM
FOR THEIR THIRD PLACE FINISH IN THE
REGION MEET.

The Bell Ringer
4001 Harding Road
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